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TO MAUD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have been to our old trying place,
Maud—
The seat 'neath the great chestnut tree;
And I fancied I saw your sweet face,
Maud—
The sweetest on earth once to me.
Then I dreamed all our younger life o'er,
Maud—
As if it had been of to-day;
And thought of the great love I bore,
Maud—
The idol I found to be lay.
As I sat 'neath that old chestnut tree,
Maud—
And gazed at the foliage above,
Each leaf brought remembrance of thee,
Maud—
And I yearned for our old, old love.
Do you ever think o'er the past time,
Maud—
Are they still in your memory new?
But perhaps your gay heart illy chimes,
Maud—
With thoughts of so sombre a hue.
Have you never once wished to recall,
Maud—
The choice that has set us apart?
He could offer you riches; but all, Maud,
I could boast, was a true, brave heart.
I have striven, in vain, to forget, Maud,
My idol that turned into clay;
For the image of you lingers yet, Maud,
And will not be driven away.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYONS," "GEORGE
CANTERBURY'S WIFE," ETC.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

UNDER THE SAME ROOF.

A crafty and worldly-wise cunning woman, like Mrs. North, can change her tactics as the wind changes its quarters. The avowal of Richard—that he was the true master of Dallery Hall, so far as holding all power, to not in his hands went—had been the greatest blow to her of any she had experienced in all these latter years. It struck, don't you see, the death-warrant of her power; for she knew that she should never be allowed to rule again with an unjust and iron hand, as it had been her cruel pleasure to do. In all essential things, where it was needful for him to interfere, she felt that Richard's will and Richard's policy would henceforth outway her own.

Madam sat in her dressing-room that night, looking into the future. Or, rather, striving to look. But it was very dim and misty. The sources whence she had drawn her large supplies were gone; the unlimited power was gone. Would it be worth while for her to remain at the Hall, she questioned, under the altered circumstances. Since the death of James Bohun, and her short sojourn with Sir Nash, an idea had occasionally crossed her mind that it might be desirable to take up her residence with the baronet—if she could only scheme to accomplish it. From some cause or other, she had formerly not felt at ease when with Sir Nash; but that was wearing off. At any rate, a home in his well-appointed establishment would be far preferable to Dallery if his show and expense could not be kept up; and all considerations gave way before Madam's own self-interest.

Already Madam tasted of deposed power. Ellen Adair was to remain at the Hall, and as Richard had emphatically enjoined—to be made welcome. Madam shut her teeth and her hands fiercely as she thought of it. Ellen Adair—whom she so hated and dreaded! She lost herself in a speculation of what Richard might have done had she persisted in her refusal. Would he have taken up his power in the hearing of the servants, and said, I am your true master; you must obey my decrees now, things must be according as I wish them? Would he have said to Madam, this is my house, and you must either fall in with my wishes, or—there's the door and you can walk out of it? She had been too wise to provoke this; and had yielded an acquiescence, tacitly at any rate, to the stay of Ellen Adair.

But, as Madam sat there, thinking of this, thinking of that, a doubt slowly loomed into her mind, whether it might not, after all, be the best policy for Ellen Adair to be at the Hall. The dread that Arthur Bohun might possibly renew his wish to marry her, in spite of all that had been said and done, lay occasionally on Madam. In fact it had never left her. She could not make a child of Arthur and keep him at her apron-string; he was free to go hither and thither at will; and, no matter in what spot of the habitable globe Ellen might be located, there was no earthly power that could stop his going to her if he wished it. Why then, surely it was safer and better that the girl should be under her own eye, always in her own im-

mediate presence. Madam laughed a little as she rose from her musings; she could have found in her heart to thank Richard North for bringing this about.

And so, with the morning, Madam was quite prepared to be gracious to Ellen Adair. Madam was one of those accommodating people who are ready, as we are told, to hold a candle to a certain nameless personage, if they think their interest may be served by doing it. Madam North, who knew nothing whatever of Madam's special reasons for disliking Miss Adair—save that she had heard her mother once scornfully speak of her as a low, homeless young woman, a nobody—was coldly civil to her on Richard's introduction. But the sweet face, the gentle voice, the superior manner won even on her; and when the morning came Matilda felt rather glad that the present monotony of the Hall was relieved by such an inmate, and asked her all about the death of Mrs. Cumberland.

And thus Ellen Adair was located at Dallery Hall. But Mrs. North had not bargained for a cruel perplexity that was to fall upon her ere the day was over; no less than the return to it of Captain Bohun.

It has been mentioned that Sir Nash was sitting, in Madam's new scheme, undisturbed and incomplete through it as at present—that of possibly taking up her residence in his house—she had judged it well to inaugurate it by trying to ingratiate herself into his favor so far as she knew how. She would have liked to make herself necessary to him. Madam had heard a hint broached of his going over to certain springs in Germany, and, as she knew she should never get taken with him there, though Arthur might, she just schemed a little to keep him in England. During the concluding days of her stay with him, Sir Nash had been overwhelmed with persuasions that he should come down to Dallery Hall and get up his health there. To hear Madam talk, never had so salubrious a spot been discovered on the earth's surface, as Dallery; its water was pure, its air a species of tonic in itself; for rural calmness, for simple delights, it possessed attractions never before realized save in Arcadia. Sir Nash, in answer to all this, had not given the least hope of trying its virtues; and Madam had finally departed believing Dallery would never see him.

But on this morning, the one after Ellen Adair's arrival, Madam, amidst other letters, got one addressed to her in her son Arthur's handwriting. According to her frequent habit of late—though why she had fallen into it she could not herself have told—she let her letters lie, unlooked at, until very late in the morning; just before luncheon, she opened them; Arthur's the last; she never cared to bear from him. And then Madam opened her eyes as well as the letter. She read that Sir Nash had come to a sudden resolution to accept her proffered hospitality for a short time; and that he and Arthur would be with her that very day. Now, at this very moment of reading, they were absolutely on their road to Dallery Hall.

Madam sat staring. Could she stop it, was her first thought. It was very undesirable that they should come. Ellen Adair was there; and after this new and startling revelation of Richard's, Madam was not quite sure that she might continue to crowd the house with guests at will. But there was no help for it; ransack her fertile brain as she would, and did, there seemed no possible chance of preventing the travellers' arrival. Had she known where a message would reach them, she might have telegraphed that the Hall was burning, or yellow fever had broken out in it.

Mrs. North was not the first who had had to make the best of an unlikely combination of circumstances. She gave orders amidst her servants to prepare for the reception of the guests; and descended to the luncheon table with a smooth face, saying there was no word. Richard was out, or she might have told him; he was so busy over the re-opening of those works of his, that he was only at home now and then and morning. It happened, however, that on this day he had occasion to come home for some deed of agreement that lay in his desk.

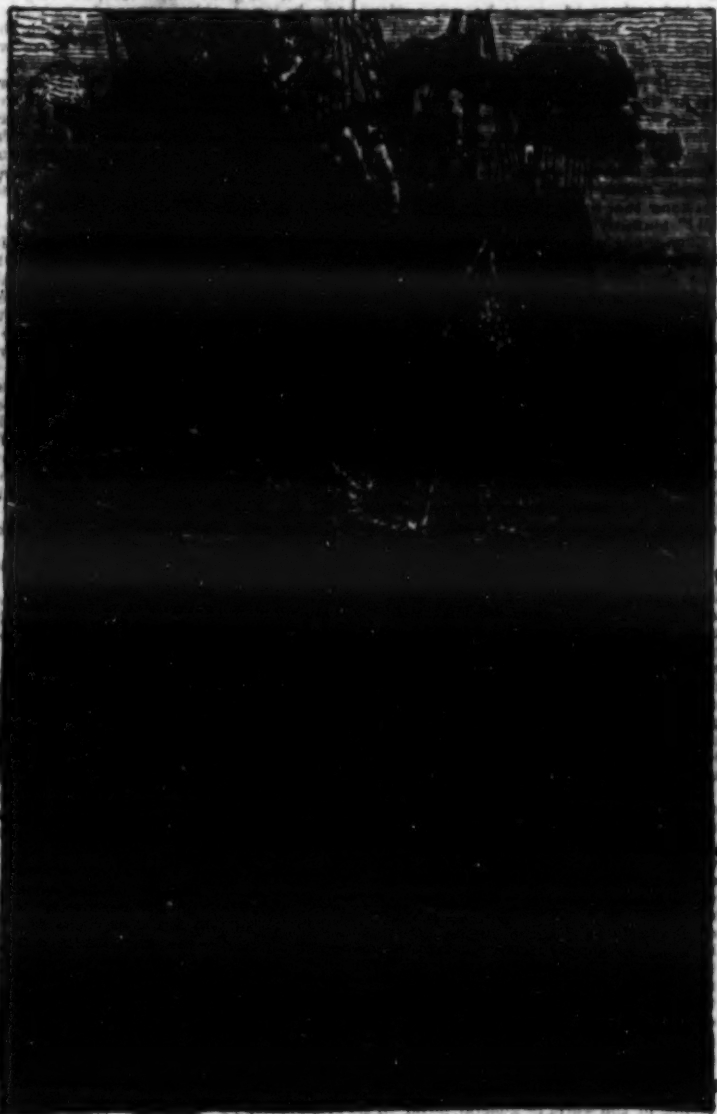
It was about four o'clock in the afternoon—a showery one—and Richard North was approaching the gates of the Hall with the long swinging step of a man of business, when he saw some one approach them more leisurely from the other side. It was Mary Dallery. He did not know she had come back; and his face had certainly a flash of surprise on it, as he lifted his hat to greet her.

"I got home yesterday evening," she said, smiling. "Forced to it. Dear old Frank wrote the most woe-begone letters imaginable, saying he could not get on without me."

"Did you come from Sir Nash Bohun's?" asked Richard.
"Sir Nash Bohun's? No. What put that in your head? I was at Sir Nash Bohun's for a few days some ages ago—weeks, at any rate, as it seems to me—but not lately. I have been with my aunt in South Audley street."

"London must be lively at this time," remarked Richard rather sarcastically; as if, like Francis Dallery, he resented her having stayed there.

"Very. It is; for the tourists and people have all come back to it. I suppose you'd have liked me to stay here and catch the fever. Very kind of you! I was going in to see your father."



GIGANTIC CUTTLE-FISH CAUGHT NEAR TENNERIFFE.

The French steam-cutter *Alecion* was between Teneriffe and Madeira when she fell in with a gigantic calamary, not less than fifty feet long, without reckoning its eight formidable arms, covered with suckers, and about twenty feet in circumference at its largest part, the head terminating in many arms of enormous size; the other extremity terminating in two fleshy lobes or fins of great size, the weight of the whole being estimated at four thousand pounds; the flesh was soft, glutinous, and of reddish-brick color.

The commander, wishing in the interests of science to secure the monster, actually engaged it in battle. Numerous shots were aimed at it, but the balls traversed its fleshy and glutinous mass without causing it any vital injury. But after one of these attacks the waves were observed to be covered with foam and blood, and singular thing, a strong odor of musk was inhaled by the spectators. This musk odor is peculiar to many of the Cephalopods.

The market-hunt not having produced the desired results, harpoons were employed, but they took no hold on the soft impalpable flesh of the marine monster.

He glanced at her with a half-smile and held out his arm after passing the gates.
"I am not sure that I shall take it. You have been very rude, Mr. Richard."

Richard dropped it at once, begging her pardon. It's air was that of a man who has received a disagreeable check. But Miss Dallery had been joking only; she glanced up at him, and a hot flush of vexation overspread her face. Richard held it out once more, and they began talking as they went along. Some drops were beginning to fall, and he put up his umbrella.

He told her of Mrs. Cumberland's death. She had not heard of it, and expressed her sorrow, of course. But she had had no acquaintance with Mrs. Cumberland, could not remember to have seen her more than once, and that was three years ago; and the subject passed.

"I hear you have begun business again," she said.
"Well—I might answer you as Green, my old time-keeper, answered me to-day. I happened to say to him, 'We have begun once more, Green.' 'Yes, in a sort, sir,' said he, gruffly. 'I have begun 'in a sort,' Miss Dallery."

"And what kind of 'sort' is it?"
"As just as cautious and quiet a way as it is well possible for a poor man to begin," answered Richard. "I have no capital, as you must be aware; or, at least, as good as none."

When it escaped from the harpoon it dived under the ship, and came up again at the other side. They succeeded at last in getting the harpoon to bite, and in powder a bowling Hitch round the posterior part of the animal. But when they attempted to hoist it out of the water the rope protruded deeply into the flesh, and separated it into two parts, the head with the arms and tentacles dropping into the sea and making off, while the fins and posterior parts were brought on board; they weighed about forty pounds.

The crew were eager to pursue, and would have launched a boat, but the commander refused, fearing that the animal might escape it. The object was not, in his opinion, one in which he could risk the lives of his crew. Our engraving is copied from M. Berthelot's colored representation of this case.

Common enough in temperate regions, the calamars abound in the seas of the Torrid zone; they are gregarious, and live in numerous shoals, their hands taking every year the same direction, their emigration proceeding from temperate to warm regions—nearly the same course as that followed by the herrings and pilchards.

"I daresay you could get enough of that if you wanted it. Some of your friends have plenty of it, Mr. Richard."

"I know that. Mrs. Goss quarrels with me every day, because I will not take hers, and run the risk of making 'ticks' and drakes of it. No. I prefer to feel my way, alone; to stand or fall by myself, Miss Dallery."

"I have heard Richard North called obstinate," remarked the young lady, looking into the damp air.
"When he believes he is right. I don't think it is a bad quality, Miss Dallery. My dear sister Bessy used to say—"

"Oh, Richard, what about her—what of Bessy?" interrupted Mary Dallery, all ceremony thrown to the winds at the mention of the name. "I never was so painfully shocked in all my life as when I opened Frank's letter telling me she was dead. What could have killed her?"

"For the fever, you know," answered Richard, sadly. "I never shall forget what I felt when I heard it. I was in Belgium."
"It seemed very strange that she should die so quickly."
"It seems strange to me still. I have not cared to talk about her since; she was my only sister and very dear to me. Bessy says it was a most violent attack; and I suppose she succumbed to it quickly, without much struggle."
"That poor littleaisy Kellar is gone, too."

"Yes."
"Is Kellar one of the few men who have gone back to work?"
"Oh dear, no."

"Do you know I should like to shake those men until they came to their senses." The rain had ceased; but they were walking on, unconscious of it, under the umbrella. By-and-by the foot was discovered, and the umbrella put down.

"Who's that?" exclaimed Richard. "Visit-ors for Madam?"

"Richard alluded to the sound of carriage wheels behind. He and Miss Dallery had certainly not walked on though they were waiting a wage, but they went down to the house now, and reached the door simultaneously with the carriage. Richard stood in very amazement, when he saw his inmates—Arthur Bohun, thin and pale; and Sir Nash.

There was a hasty greeting, a welcome, and then they all entered together. Madam, Matilda, and Miss Adair sat in the drawing-room. Arthur came in side by side with Miss Dallery; he was holding her hand; they were talking together, and a slight flush illumined his thin face. Miss Adair, feeling shy amidst them all, remained in the back ground; she would not press forward; but a general change of position brought her and Arthur close to each other; and she held out her hand timidly, with a shy blush.

He turned white as death. He staggered back as though he had seen a specter. Just for a minute he was utterly unsteady; and then, some sort of presence of mind returning to him, he looked another way without further notice, and began talking again with Miss Dallery.

But Miss Dallery had no longer leisure to waste on him. She had caught sight of Ellen, whom she had never seen, and was wonderfully struck. Never in her whole life had she found a face so unutterably lovely.

"Mr. Richard"—touching his arm, as he stood by Arthur Bohun, and the young lady had to stretch before Arthur to get to it—"who is that young lady?"

"Ellen Adair."
"Is that Ellen Adair? Oh what a sweet face it is! I never saw one so lovely. Do take me to her, Mr. Richard."

Richard introduced them. Arthur Bohun, his bosom beating with shame and pain, turned to the window; a sick faintness was stealing over him; he was very weak yet. How he loved her!—How he loved her! More; ay, ten times more, as it seemed to him, than of yore. And yet, he must only treat her with coldness; worse than if she and he were strangers. What untoward mystery could have brought her to Dallery Hall? He stole away, on the plea of looking for Mr. North. Madam, who had all her eyes about her and had been using them, followed him out.

There was a hasty colloquy. He asked why Miss Adair was there. Madam replied by telling (for once in her life) the pure truth. She favored him with a short history of the previous night's events that had culminated in Richard's assumption of will. The girl was there, as he saw, concluded Madam, and she could not help it.

"Did Mrs. Cumberland reveal to her before she died what you told me about—about her father?" inquired Arthur, from between his dry and feverish and trembling lips.

"I have no means of knowing. I should think not, for the girl betrays no consciousness of it in her manner. Listen, Arthur," added Madam, impressively laying her hand on his arm. "It is unfortunate that you are subjected to be in the same house with her; but I cannot, you perceive, send her from it. All you have to do is to avoid her; never allow yourself to speak to her; never be for a moment alone with her. You will be safe then."

"Yes, it will be the only way," he mechanically answered, as he quitted Madam, and went on.

Meanwhile Ellen Adair little thought what cruelty was in store for her. Shocked though she had been at the first moment by Arthur Bohun's apparent non-recognition, it was so improbable a rudeness for him to be capable of, in his almost ultra-native courtesy, even to a stranger, that she soon decided he had purposely not greeted her until they should be alone, or else had really not recognized her.

In crossing the hall an hour later, Ellen met him face to face. He was coming out of Mr. North's parlor; he was passing it towards a door that led to the grounds at the back. No one was about; they were quite alone.

"Arthur," she softly said, smiling at him and putting out her hand.

He went red and white, and hot and cold. He lifted his hat, which he happened to be wearing, having come straight in through the glass doors, and politely murmured some mechanical words that sounded like "I beg your pardon, Miss Adair." And then he turned short round, and traversed the room back to the garden, putting on his hat again.

It seemed to her as though she had received her death-blow. There could no longer be any doubt or misapprehension after this, as to what the future was to be. Every drop of blood in her body seemed to rush to her heart and set it beating; the feeling was one akin to terror. Ellen Adair crept into the drawing-room, empty then, and leaned her aching brow against the window frame.

Presently Matilda North entered. The young lady had her hat and out of curiosity the same as her mother, and fanned some

great sight was to be seen. She increased her speed.

"What are you looking at, Miss Adair?"

"Nothing," answered Ellen, lifting her head. "And in truth she had not been looking out at all."

"Ah, yes," significantly spoke Miss North, waiting slowly by her side along a distant path, "Miss Adair is looking at the light from the hall."

"Captain Robert is looking at the light, is he?"

"To what way?" demanded Ellen.

"Don't you know that they are engaged?"

"He is to marry Miss Dallery. We had all kinds of love passages, I assure you, when he was ill at his uncle's, and she was there helping me to nurse him."

"And they—do you say they are engaged?"

"Of course. It will be a love match too, for he is very fond of her—and she of him. I think Richard was once a little bit gone in that quarter; but Arthur has put him out. Sir Nash is so pleased at Arthur's choice; so is mamma; they are both very fond of Mary Dallery."

And that all but completed ceremony only a few weeks back in the church at Easton—had the ring and thence she held in store still!—and the deep, deep love they had found to each other, and vowed to maintain forever—what did it all mean? Ellen Adair asked the question of herself in her agony. And as her heart returned to the common-sense answer—folly; foolishness—she felt as if a great reef of fire were scorching away hope and peace and happiness. The iron had entered into her soul.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN THE HOUSE TOGETHER.

It was a curious position, that of some of the present inmates of Dallery Hall. Sir Nash Bobson, who went down to accompany Arthur more than anything else, and who had not intended to remain above a day or two, stayed on. The quiet life after the bustle of London was grateful to him; the sweet country air really seemed to possess some of the salutary properties he had ascribed to it. He liked to sit amidst the flowers that were; for it was getting too near winter for many to be seen now. He liked to watch the falling of the leaves from the dying trees; dying until the early spring should come round and renew their vitality. Sir Nash was about to go abroad a long, long way when that genial spring time should set in and try the effect of some medicinal waters that bear the reputation of renewing falling strength. Until then he was grateful for a change, any society that served to pass the time.

Sir Nash had been as much struck by the exceeding beauty of Ellen Adair as strange mostly were. That she was a very sweet girl, one of those who seem made to be specially loved, he could but see. In the bustle of their first arrival, he had not noticed her; there were so many besides her to be greeted; and Miss Dallery amidst them, whose appearance was entirely unexpected and consequently a surprise. Not until they were assembling for dinner, did Sir Nash observe her. His eyes suddenly rested on a most beautiful girl in a simple black silk evening dress, its low body and sleeves a gleam with white tulle, and a black necklace on her pretty neck. He was wondering who she was when he heard Richard North speak of her as Ellen Adair. Sir Nash drew Arthur Bobson to the far end of the drawing-room, ostensibly to look at one of Turner's pictures.

"Arthur, who is she? It cannot be his daughter, Adair's?"

"Yes, sir, it is."

"Mary is good to her!" cried Sir Nash in his compassionate dismay. "What an awful calamity. She looks utterly charming in herself; fit to mate with a prince of the blood-royal."

"And so she is."

"To have been born to a blighted name, an inheritance of ignominy!" continued Sir Nash. "Poor thing, poor thing! Does she know about it?"

"No, I am sure she does not," replied Arthur warmly, his tone one of intense pain.

"She believes her father to be an honorable and good man as you are."

For the very fact of Ellen's having put out her hand to him in the hall with that bright and confident smile, had convinced Arthur Bobson that at present she knew nothing.

It made his own position all the worse, for to her his behavior must appear simply inexcusable. Yet, how tell her?—what kind of excuse make? Here they were, located in the same house; and yet they could only be to each other as formal strangers. An explanation was due to Ellen Adair, but from the very nature of the subject, he could not give it. If he had possessed the slightest notion that she was putting it down to a wrong cause—to an engagement with Miss Dallery—he would at least have set that right. But who was likely to tell him? No one. Madam and Madeline, by you very sure, would not; still less Ellen herself. And so the complication would, and must go on, just as unhappy complications do sometimes go on. But there is this much to be said—that the setting straight the only point that might have been set straight, would not have made any difference to the breach between the two who had been hopelessly separated.

And Sir Nash Bobson never once brought himself to enter on any sort of intercourse with Ellen Adair. He would not have chosen, had he known it beforehand, to take up his abode under the same roof with one whose father had played a fatal part with his long ago dead brother; it had been caused by circumstances. In herself, the young lady was unobjectionable—nay, so deserving of respect and homage—that Sir Nash was won out of his prejudice and, as he would not pleasantly upon her when paying his slight, unavailing courtesy of every-day life. But he never lingered near her; he never succumbed on prolonged conversation; a bow or two, and good morning and good night, composed their acquaintance. He got to pity her; almost to love her, and he relieved the feelings at least once a day in private by sending angry unmeaning epithets after the man, William Adair, for blighting the name held by this fair and sweet young lady.

It was not a very edifying party, take it on the whole. Sir Nash had a sitting-room assigned him, and stayed much in it; his grief for his son was not over, and perhaps never would be. Mr. North was often sent up in his parlour, or walking with bent head and the garden path. Madam kept gravely aloof, nobody knew where; Madeline was buried in her novel; French and English, or chattering from where alone to Madam's French maid, Richard was at the work all day. Ellen Adair, feeling herself a kind of inter-

loper, stayed in her chamber, or went to some parts of the garden and sat there in solitude. As to Arthur Bobson, he was an invalid still, weak and ill, and would often not be seen until luncheon at dinner-time. There was a general meeting at twelve, and a comfortable evening after it.

Mamma had not allowed matters to take their course without a warning word from herself. On the day after Sir Nash and Arthur arrived, she came, all smiles and sympathy, knocking at the door of Ellen's chamber. She found that young lady weeping bitterly—she who stammered out, as she wiped them away and strove for composure, some excuse about feeling so greatly the sudden death of Mrs. Cumberland. Madam was gracious, considerate, as she could be when she pleased. She poured some comfort on her own white handkerchief, and held it to Miss Adair's nose. Ellen thanked her, and gave it back again, and smothered her head back with her hand and dried her tears, and rose up out of the emotion as a thing of the past.

"I am sorry it should have happened that Sir Nash chose this time to come," spoke Madam; "you might just now have preferred to be alone with us. Captain Bobson is still so very unwell that Sir Nash says he could not bring him."

"Yes," meekly replied Ellen, really not knowing what part it was she assented to.

"And Arthur—of course he was anxious to come; he knew Mary Dallery would be back," went on Madam with candor, like a woman without guile. "He is all delighted at the prospect of his marrying her. Before he was he was to see her sister; it is of course not so much matter how he is married, provided it were a gentleman of family fit to consort with the Bobsons. But now that he has come into the mansion through poor James's death, things have changed. And you know that Sir Nash has cut off the entail?"

Ellen thought she did. The fact was, Arthur had told Mrs. Cumberland of it at Easton; but Ellen did not understand much about entails, so the matter had passed from her mind.

"The cutting off of the entail has placed Arthur entirely in his uncle's hands," continued Madam. "If Arthur were to offend him, Sir Nash might not leave him a penny-thing. It is fortunate for all of us that Mary Dallery is so charming. Sir Nash is almost as proud of her as is Arthur, and she is a great help to you know; she must have as the very least three or four thousand a year. Some people say it's more; the majority of the Dallery children was so long."

"It is a great deal," murmured Ellen.

"Yes. But it will be very acceptable. I'm sure, by the way, affairs seem to be going on with Mr. North and Richard, it looks as though Arthur would have us all on his hands. It has been a great happiness to us, his choosing Miss Dallery for his wife. I don't believe he thought much of her before his illness. She was staying with us in town during that time, and so—and so the love grew, and Arthur made up his mind. He had the good sense to see the responsibility that James Bobson's death left on him, to make a suitable and proper choice."

Ellen had learnt a lesson lately in self-control, and maintained her calmness now. She did not know Madam (except by reputation) quite as well as some people did, and was loath to believe she spoke in all sincerity. One thing she could not decide—whether Madam had known of the projected marriage at Easton, or not. She felt inclined to fancy that she had not, and Ellen hoped it with all her whole heart. Madam lingered on yet to say a few more words. She drew an affecting picture of the scenes of her son with Mary Dallery brought to her, his mother, and—as if she were addressing an imaginary audience in the ceiling—turned up her eyes and clasped her hands, and declared she must put it to the husband and good feeling of the world in general never to attempt anything by word or deed, that might tend to mar this blessed state of things. With that she kissed Ellen Adair, and said, now that she had apologized for their not being quite alone at the Hall, and explained how it happened that Sir Nash came, she would leave her to drive.

As the days went on, something happened to intensify the state of affairs—or, at least to strengthen Ellen's view of them—Mary Dallery came on a visit to the Hall. Her brother Francis went away from home to join a shooting party, and Madam mixed upon the occasion to invite his sister. She came, seemingly nothing loth; and with her a great trunk-full of paraphernalia. Madam North had once said, when calling Mary Dallery a flirt, that she'd come fast enough to the Hall when Richard and Arthur were there. A-ye, we came now. After this, Arthur Bobson would be more down stairs than he was before; and he and she would be often together in the grounds, sitting on benches under the evergreens, or strolling along the walks side by side. Sometimes Arthur would take her arm with an invalid's privilege; his hand as the present time was more perceptible than it ever had been, and sometimes she would take his. They seemed to be always talking, their heads close together after the manner of those who hold confidential intercourse. Ellen Adair would watch them through this window, through that window, and press her trembling fingers on her aching heart. She saw it all; or thought she did. Arthur Bobson had found that his future prospects in life, his career, in fact, depended upon his wedding Miss Dallery, or some one equally eligible; and so he had resolved to forget the sweet romance of the past, and embrace reality.

She thought he might have spoken to her. So much was certainly due her; to her who had all but been his wife. His present treatment of her was simply deplorable; next door to wicked. Better that he had explained only as Madam did; what was there to hinder his telling her the truth? He might have said to her, ever so briefly: "Such and such things have arisen, and my former plans are frustrated, and I cannot help myself." But no; all he did was to avoid her; he never sought to touch her hand; his eyes averted from her as he could guard against it. It was exactly as though he had given to despise her, and sought to show it. Did he? When Ellen's fears suggested the question—and it was in her mind pretty often now—she would turn sick with despair, and alas to die.

The truth was this. Arthur Bobson's fears lest he should betray his still unavowed love, caused him to be more studiously cold to Ellen than he had been. A strange yearning would come over him to clasp her to his breast and sob out his grief and confession; and the very fear lest he might

really do this some day, lest passion and nature should become too strong for prudence and conventionality, made him than he and seem to behave, as Ellen thought it deplorable. He knew it himself; he called himself for more strength than Ellen could give him; a coward, a knave, a universally disesteemed man. And so that's the way things went on at Dallery Hall, and were likely to go on.

One afternoon, a few days after Mrs. Cumberland was informed, Ellen went to see her grave. Madam, Miss Dallery, Madeline and Sir Nash had gone out driving. Arthur had been away somewhere since the morning. Mr. North was over the colic with his head gone. There was only Ellen who was alone and lonely, and she put her black things on and walked through Dallery to the churchyard. It happened that she met three or four people she knew, and she stayed to talk with them. Mrs. Goss was one; the widow of Henry Hephernan was another. But she got on at last, feeling a little shy at being seen abroad alone. In walking so far as Dallery Hill, Cumberland had always caused a servant to attend her.

The grave had been made not far from Bessy Kane's. Ellen had no difficulty in distinguishing the one from the other, though as yet there was no stone to mark either. Mrs. Cumberland's was near that of the late Thomas Goss; Bessy's was close to Edmund North's. A great winter tree, an evergreen, overshadowed this corner of the churchyard, and she sat down on the bench that stood at her feet. Bessy's grave was almost at her feet; two yards or so away.

She looked her face on her hand, and was still. The past, the present, the future; Mr. Cumberland, Bessy Kane, Edmund North; her own life's trouble, and other things—all seemed to be struggling together simultaneously in her brain. But, as she sat on the bench, she drew herself up, and she looked herself in imaginative thought, his of that heaven whose pain and care shall be no more. Could they see her?—could Mrs. Cumberland look down and see her, Ellen Adair, sitting there in her sorrow? A painful idea came to her that perhaps the good were the guardian angels appointed to watch the living; to be "in charge over them to keep them in all their ways." If so, why then who was watching her?—her mother, her own mother, Mary Adair. Could these guardian angels pray for them?—intercede with the mighty God and the Saviour that their sins here might be blotted out? How long Ellen gave to these thoughts she never knew, but she wound up with crying to herself, and she wondered how long it would be before she joined them all in heaven.

Somebody approaching from the back of the tree, came round with a low step and sat down on the bench. It was a gentleman in his prime, she could see that much, though he came nearly on the other side of the tree's trunk and so had his back to her. Ellen found she had not been observed and prepared to leave. It had grown dusk in the twilight of the dull evening. As she stooped to pick up her handkerchief, which had fallen, the gentleman turned and saw her; saw, as well, the tears on her face. It was Captain Bobson.

He got up quicker than he had sat down, intending no doubt to move away. But in his haste he dropped his stick—a great stick—that he used for support in walking since his illness—and it fell across Ellen's feet. She stooped in some confused impulse to pick it up, and so did he.

"Thank you—I beg your pardon," he said with an air of self-humiliation so great that it might have wrung a tender heart to see. And then he felt that he could not, for very shame, go off without some further notice, as he had been thinking to do. Though why he stayed to speak, and what he said, it might have puzzled him at the moment to tell. Instinct, more than reason, prompted the words.

"She was taken off very suddenly."

Standing close, though he was to Bessy's grave, Ellen thought he looked across at Mrs. Cumberland's. And the latter had been latest in her thoughts.

"Yes, I fear we should not get her home. And I feel sure that the journey was fatal to her; that, if she had remained still, she would not have died quite so soon."

"It was of Bessy I spoke."

"Oh—I thought you meant Mrs. Cumberland. Her death has made so much difference to me, that—that I suppose my mind runs on her. This is the first time I have been here."

Both of them were agitated to pain; both could find have pressed their hearts tightly to still the troubled beating there.

"Ellen, I should like to say a word to you," he suddenly exclaimed, turning his face to her for a moment, and then turning it aside again. "I am aware that nothing can excuse the deep shame of my conduct in not having attempted any explanation. To you I cannot attempt it. I should have given it to Mrs. Cumberland if she had not died."

Ellen made no answer. Her handkerchief lay in her hand, and she looked down upon it.

"The subject was so intensely painful and awkward—that at first I did not think I could have mentioned it even to Mrs. Cumberland. Then came my illness. After that, till I lay day after day, left to my own reflections, things began to present themselves in a clearer light; and I saw that to maintain my silence would be the most wretched shame of all. I resolved to disclose everything to Mrs. Cumberland; and leave her to repeat it to you if she thought fit—at least as much of it as would give you the clue to the cause of my strange and apparently unaccountable conduct."

Ellen's fingers were quivering at the hem of her handkerchief, this way and that. She did not speak.

"Mrs. Cumberland's death, I say, prevented this," continued Captain Bobson, who had gathered somewhat of courage now the matter was opened, and stood fully turned to her, leaning both hands on his stick; "and I have felt since it a frightful dilemma, from which I see no escape. To you I cannot enter on an explanation; nor yet am I able to tell you why I cannot. The subject is altogether so very painful."

Ellen lifted her head suddenly to speak. Every drop of blood had deserted her face, leaving it of an ashy whiteness. The movement caused him to pause.

"I know what it is," she managed to say between her white and trembling lips.

"You know—?"

"Yes, all."

Alas for the misapprehensions of this world! He was thinking only of the strange, disconcerting made to him—overlooked by Ellen; she only of her engagement to Miss Dallery. At her awful all kinds of thoughts came surging through his brain. All she knew is all!

"Have you known it long?" he questioned, in a low tone.

"The time may be counted by days."

He jumped to the conclusion that Mrs. Cumberland had disclosed it to her on her death-bed. And her knowledge of it, he thought, he could not but have known. But, looking at her, at her pale, sweet face and down-cast eyes, at the anguish pervading every line of her countenance, and which she could not hide, Arthur Bobson's heart was filled with conflicting emotions, that seemed to wring it to breaking. He drew nearer to her.

"Thank God that you understood, Ellen—that at least you do not think me the shameless coquette I must otherwise have appeared," he whispered, his voice trembling with his deep emotion. "I cannot help myself; you must see that I cannot, as you know all. The blow nearly killed me. My fate—our fate, if I may dare still so to couple your name with mine—is a very bitter one."

Ellen had begun to shiver inwardly. Something in his words struck terribly at her ear; and pride enabled her to keep down outward emotion.

"You left the ring and house with me," she abruptly said, in perhaps an access of bitterness of temper. "What am I to do with them?"

"Burn them; destroy them," he fiercely replied. "They are worthless to us now."

But he so spoke only in his anguish. Ellen interpreted it differently.

"God help us both, Ellen! A cruel, wicked fate has parted us for this world; but we may be permitted to be together in the next. It is all my hope now."

Should she be able to keep down the emotion and the bitter grief? It was shaking and trying her.

"Hasten home and take care of you, Ellen! Our paths in life must lie apart; but I pray always that yours may be a happy one."

Without further word, without touching her hand, thus he went. Limping on to the broad path, and thence down it towards the gate of the churchyard.

There are moments to which a whole lifetime of agony seems to be compressed. Such a one was this for Ellen Adair. Dusk was coming on now rapidly—but she sat on, her head bent low on her hands. They were, then, separated for ever; there was no further hope for her! he himself had confirmed it. She wondered whether the pain would kill her; whether she should be able to baffle with it—or must die of the humiliation it brought. The pain and the humiliation were strong and sharp now; now as she sat, by-and-by there stole again into her mind those thoughts which Captain Bobson's appearance had interrupted—the heavenly place of Rest to which Bessy and Mrs. Cumberland had past. Involuntarily it soothed her; and imagination went raving away unchecked. She seemed to see the white robes of the Redeemer; she saw the golden harps in their hands, and the soft, sweet light around them, and the love and peace. The thoughts served to show her how poor and worthless, as compared with the joys of that Better Land, were the trials and pains of this world; how short a moment, even at the longest, they had to be endured; how quickly and surely all here must pass away. Yes, she might endure with patience for the time! And when she lifted her head, it was to break into a flood of violent and yet soothing tears, that she could not have shed before.

"Father in Heaven, Thou dost all my trouble and my agony. I have no one in the world to turn to for shelter, and the blast is strong. Vouchsafe to guide and cover me!"

But it was close upon night. With a wet handkerchief and eyes still streaming, she rose to make her way out of the churchyard. In a sheltered nook that she passed near a man; and Ellen started a little, and quickened her pace. It was Captain Bobson. Instead of going away, he had turned back to wait. She understood it at once: at that hour he would not leave her alone in the graveyard. He wished to be chivalrous to her still, for all his barefaced faithlessness. In the very teeth of his avowed desertion of her, his words of a moment had proved that he loved her yet. Loved her, and not another. It brought its own comfort to Ellen Adair. Of course it ought not, but it did: for the human heart at best is frail and faulty.

Captain Bobson followed her out of the churchyard, and kept her in sight all the way home, every fibre of feeling he possessed aching for her. He had seen the signs and traces of her fit of weeping; he knew what must be the amount of her anguish. He might have been ready to shoot himself could it have restored peace to her; he felt that he should very much like to shoot Mr. Adair, whose bad deed had entailed this misery upon them.

At the Hall gates he was overtaken by Richard, striding home in haste to dinner. Richard, passing his arm through Arthur's, began telling him that he feared he was going to have some sharp trouble with his ex-workmen.

And as they, the once fond lovers, sat at table, and in the lighted drawing-room, Arthur as far from her, scouring to "make-up," as he could get, one private at one, or could suspect, the same that had taken place in the churchyard. Ellen Adair's eyes looked heavy; but that was nothing as usual now. It was known that she grieved to Mrs. Cumberland.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A minister once prayed: "Oh! Lord, we thank Thee for the goodly number here to-night, and that Thou, also, art here, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather!"

Four things come not back—the broken world, the spent arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

A courteous Frenchman, in reply to a question why ladies were not admitted to the Chamber of Deputies, said that to be a member it was requisite to be forty years of age, and it was impossible to suppose that any lady would reach that age.

A housewife on a prairie farm illustrated the condition of farmers' wives when she said: "It's mighty easy for the men and the horses, but it's death on women and corn!"

It was once said of a penurious money-lender that he kept the trunk containing his securities near the head of his bed, and laid awake to hear them draw interest.

A correspondent of the Chicago Journal says:—"How can your institution (polymath) stand a railroad? I stand one of the Union-others some time since in Chicago."

If Chicago ever stand a railroad I guess we can," was the reply; which for the moment rather staggered me, and I replied simply, "I will go and see."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 1, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine co-jointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) \$3.00; Two copies \$4.00; Four copies \$6.00; Five copies (and one extra) \$6.00; Eight copies (and one extra) \$12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, \$4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the latter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at \$2.50 apiece—or for 30 subscribers at \$60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price \$35. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays \$3.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The list may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent free to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents cannot always keep copies of any manuscript they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

LEARNING A TRADE.

We commend the following from the "Manufacturer and Builder," to the attention of parents, especially in our cities, towns and villages. In the country, fortunately, the boys always do learn the trade of farming, the most important of all trades:

Why is it that there is such a repugnance on the part of parents to putting their sons to a trade? A skilled mechanic is an independent man. Go where he will, his craft will bring him support. He need ask favors of none. He has literally his fortune in his own hands. Yet foolish parents—ambitious that their sons should "rise in the world," as they say—are more willing that they should study for a profession, with the chances of even moderate success heavily against them, or run the risk of spending their manhood in the ignoble task of retailing dry goods, or of toiling laboriously at the accountant's desk, than learn a trade which would bring them manly strength, health, and independence. In point of fact, the method they choose is the one least likely to achieve the advancement aimed at; for the supply of candidates for positions as "errand boys," "dry-goods clerks," and kindred occupations is notoriously overstocked; while, on the other hand, the demand for really skilled mechanics, of every description, is as notoriously beyond the supply. The crying need of this country to-day is for skilled labor; and that father who neglects to provide his son with a useful trade, and sends him to be a clerk, or a student, or a student of law, is doing him a grievous wrong; and runs the risk of helping, by so much, to increase the stock of idle and dependent, if not vicious, members of society. It is stated in the report of the Prison Association, lately issued, that of sixteen thousand five hundred and ninety-six prisoners confined in the penitentiaries of thirty states, in 1867, seventy-seven per cent., or over ten thousand of the number, had never learned a trade. The fact conveys a lesson of profound interest to those who have in charge the training of boys, and girls too, for the active duties of life.

Our California correspondent, Amber Fortier, has been repeatedly applied to for information relative to the chances of obtaining employment in California, and the far West generally. The answer is always this: If you know how to do anything with your hands the West is longing for you. There is a great demand for carpenters, blacksmiths, farmers, &c. But the land is already full of clerks, teachers, doctors and lawyers.

And so it is in the East. If we advertise for a clerk, we get a hundred applications. But if for a skilled laborer, comparatively few. And yet the wages of these latter exceed as a general thing those of the former.

We know however that there is one great obstacle to learning the trades—and that is the rule of the various Trades' Unions, forbidding employers to take more than a limited number of apprentices. The design of this rule is to create and maintain a monopoly of skilled labor. But as it is opposed to the proper education of our youth, and thus to the most important interests of society, this rule should be repealed by the various Unions—or, in default of its repeal, a law should be enacted making the

and somewhat shrill clear note is 'ari', which seems to be upon the key of C the treble so-la. By scrapping or shuffling a foot over the sand the tone may be protracted, and it is loudest where the sand is wet. Hugo Miller mentions a similar phenomenon on a beach upon the coast of Iceland.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

BY MARK TWAIN.

OF A QUEER COMPLIMENT.—A young man with a very pretty foot, but a rather lame ankle, went into a San Francisco shoe store to be measured. The admiring clerk, who is of Celtic extraction, complimented him in the following queer way: "Mad-am, have one beautiful foot, but so leg cum-les toe immediately!"

WOLF AND HILL

Captain Keeler, a prosperous resident of Detroit, Mich., has been coasting about the straits of that city recently, on board a steam Corvette on wheels. The vessel is 35 ft long, 7 feet deep of hold, and 12 is the width of beam. After making the circuit of the principal thoroughfares, the old skipper headed his craft towards the river, and anchored her in presence of the whole town.

their own homes. The Meuse nations the appearance in the Ardennes of bands of wolves and wild boars, which, it states, have been driven from the forests of Germany and Alsace by the guns of Warth and Saarbrücken. The Sport of Paris says that the wild boars and all sorts of game desert the forests of the east and fall back upon Bel-

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.
The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week counted about 2500 head. The prices realized on 9-9½ cts @ \$ 100 Cows brought from \$85 to \$ 90 head. Sheep- 12,000 head were disposed of from \$2.00 to \$ 2.25. Hogs sold at from \$13.50 to \$14.00 @.

last, Levi M. Phillips, civil engineer, residing in New York, was suffering from an obstinate and severe nervous affection, accompanied by great bodily weakness and utter loss of appetite. In compliance with

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP
One Pound of Crumpton's Imperial
Savory Soap will make twelve pounds
of Household Soap. Ask your gro-
cery for it and try it. **CRUMPTON'S**
BROTHERS, 24 Great St., New York.

Cancer in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and
Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stagnation of Womb,
Inflammation of Uterus,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,

lth and debility are replaced by energy and vigor, the spirits rise, and life that almost seemed a burden while the season of depression lasted, becomes once more enjoyable. That such a radical change should be produced by a remedy entirely devoid of the usual althoids and minerals is

MARRIAGES.

n the 18th of Sept., Mrs. ELIZABETH RINCOL-
n her death case.
the 18th of Sept., Miss ELARA NORRIS, is her
year,
the 17th of Sept., WILLIAM JOHNSON, is his
read.
the 17th of Sept., HANNAN MOORE, is her 3rd
n the 18th of Sept., SARAH, wife of Saml. Fortin,
60 years.
n the 18th of Sept., ALEXANDER MOORHEAD, is
North road.

TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer
3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING.

As follows: Every New Subscriber for Next Year, (all of 1871), whose subscription is received during this month of September, shall be presented with the paper for October (beginning October 8th), November and December without charge.

N. B.—Subscribers too distant to respond to this before October 1, will be allowed extra time to send in their names.

SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

We design commencing the admirable Novelet of

LEONIE'S MYSTERY,

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

In THE POST of October 8th. And in order to stimulate all unfortunate persons who do not take THE POST to enroll themselves on its list, and become as wise and virtuous as those who are already its readers, we make the following

LIBERAL OFFER.

The names of all NEW subscribers for 1871, whose subscriptions reach us by the first of October next, shall be entered on our list at once, and their subscriptions commence with the paper of October 8th—the first of the new story. They will thus receive THIRTEEN papers IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871—OR FIFTEEN MONTHS in all!

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Club Terms:

One copy (and the Premium Steel Engraving) \$4.50.	
2 copies,	\$4.00
3 " (and one extra)	8.00
4 " (and one extra)	12.00
5 " (and one extra)	16.00
6 " (and one extra)	20.00

One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,

Every person getting up a Club will receive the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5 and over both the Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

While we offer thus a special inducement to NEW subscribers, our OLD subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and the ease of getting up their clubs—And it is thus to their interest, as we hope it is to their kindly feeling to speak a good word for us to their friends.

Our NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING for next year is a beautiful plate called "The Sisters." It is engraved on steel, by the celebrated English engraver, G. F. Doo—one of the three or four best engravers in the world—after a painting by the renowned artist, Sir Thomas Lawrence.

It is of medium size (for greater convenience in framing) but is a superior engraving to any heretofore issued by us, being a perfect gem of art.

This beautiful picture (or one of "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full (\$2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club!

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of four or more NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "THE SISTERS," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full), in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

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ONE FOLD.

BY BERTHA SIDNEY CRABSTON.

And as the battle is nearly done
And the shield will be laid away,
For the golden hours of the evening sun
Blaze o'er the meadow gray.
'Tis a long, long strife to the end, sweet wife!
The end, just a mystic crown,
Two billows of green, with a cross between,
Where we lay our burden down.

This way has been dark at times, and drear
With the dropping of tears between,
When the steady close of your hand in mine
Has been all that made it green;
But the sunlight broke, when your smile
Awoke,
And the valleys of rest were sweet,
When the hills were past, and the path at last
Grew soft to our aching feet.

One love, one home, one heaven before,
One fold in heart and life,
And the old love still will last us through
To the journey's end, sweet wife,
And reaching on, when this life is done,
It will live, and thrive, and grow,
With a deathless flame and a deeper name,
Than our mortal loves can know.

The way-side guides upon life's broad track,
How oft have we read through tears!
We've trod the lesson with whitened lips,
When we could not pray for fears!
Some lie so small, and some so tall,
But all are green at last,
We hold them children in our hearts,
And keep them close and fast!

And some have heard life's sweetest tale,
And some its saddest song;
We leave them all to Him whose love
Can never be blind or wrong!
While we turn back, look o'er the track,
And a wave of greeting send,
The paths lie wide, and the way beside,
But all lead to one end!

So, slowly, as for days or years,
We journey on the way,
And the West an amber light
Proclaims a dying day.
And what, though life die out, sweet wife,
And its signal fire burns low?
For a glory white, against the night,
Like a watch-fire seems to glow!

Fat and Thin People.

[The following is a chapter from the advance sheets of Dr. Dio Lewis's "Talks About People's Stomachs," soon to be published.]

HOW FAT PEOPLE MAY GET THEMSELVES INTO SHIP-SHAPE.

Even in New England there are a great many uncomfortably fat people. I say even in New England, because it is supposed that Yankees are a gaunt, ghostly folk. But in an audience of five hundred, almost anywhere in New England, you may see a dozen uncomfortably fat people—waddling, wheezy, anti-go-up-stairs sort of people. Down in Pennsylvania, in an audience of the same size, especially if you are in a country district, the proportion of fat ones is very large. Let me give you a case—a funny case. An immensely fat, paunchy, red-faced woman came to me with a fat word in her mouth, "obesity," and, standing before me, exclaimed:

"Doctor, just look at me! Ain't I a sight to behold? This is the torment of my life. I shouldn't weigh more than one hundred and thirty pounds, but I do weigh two hundred and twenty. Now just think of my carrying that extra ninety pounds whenever I move. What can be done for me? All summer long I pant and perspire, and wish myself in Greenland. When I walk the street, my sister says I look just like a Berkshire pig. When I go up stairs in a hurry, I just lose my breath altogether, and plump says it down into a chair, and gasp it back again. Now what can be done for me, Doctor?"

"Has your husband a horse?" [I already knew he had several.]

"Oh, yes; why you know he keeps a stable full."

"Do they ever get fat?"

"Oh, yes; you know my husband keeps fast horses. I hear about nothing else the year round, but '2,40, 2,51,' and that 'they are too fat,' and that 'they are out of condition,' and all the rest of it; you know the phrases."

"When your husband's horses get too fat, can he reduce them?"

"Oh, yes; very easily."

"Why, he reduces their food, and gives them more exercise."

"Madam, all I have to say is, 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

"What! starve? Why, I have tried that for months together. What I have eaten wouldn't keep a mosquito alive; and I have grown fatter and fatter all the time."

"Madam, you must excuse me, but what you are saying lacks accuracy. You eat and drink too much, or you would not be in this condition."

"Well, how little should I eat?"

"I cannot tell you that; but I can say that you should reduce the quantity which you are now eating, and you should live with very little drink. This will help you much."

"To be particular, let me say, go on with just such food as you like. If you are fond of meat, all the better; increase the proportion of that article a little. Masticate the food very thoroughly, so that you will not need much drink to swallow it. When you have a desire for drink, content yourself with a single mouthful. In a week or two you will be surprised to find how the wish for water has disappeared. If you can learn to get on with one tumblerful of water, or other drink per day, this fat, shabby condition will at once begin to disappear."

"But to speak of your food again, reduce the quantity you now eat one-quarter, and after, say two months, reduce another quarter. This reduction will probably be sufficient, if you rigidly observe what I have said about drinks."

"If, in addition to this, you exercise yourself into a profuse perspiration once or twice a day, you will be astonished to find how soon your clothes will be growing loose. Why, madam, there is not a fat person under fifty years of age in the country, who might not get himself or herself into comfortable proportions in less than half a year."

"Doctor, what do you think of Banting's system?"

"I think just this: If people have no control over their appetites, that system is a good thing, although sure to produce an abnormal condition of the tissues. We cannot use meat above a certain percentage in our food without deranging the general health. A feverish, hard pulse, and a certain condition of the stomach and liver which will shew itself in a darkening of the complexion—these and other symptoms will show when we eat more meat than we should, that the vital processes are not going on well; and besides, this expedient, which Banting advises, of living on meat is entirely unnecessary. It is infinitely better to keep up about the usual proportions of meat and vegetable food, and simply reduce the quantity."

"But, Doctor, if I go into this thing as you advise, it seems to me that I shall hardly be able to keep on my feet, I shall be so weak."

"Madam, you are entirely mistaken. Any person who has too fat will only experience a sense of lightness and increasing strength, when making a judicious reduction in the amount of food and drink. He will breathe better, move quicker, and feel that a great load is being removed."

For example, a man weighs, say two hundred and fifty pounds, and should weigh, to be active and healthy, one hundred and seventy-five pounds. A man weighing two hundred and fifty pounds is carrying about an extra seventy-five pounds, interfering with his respiration and activity; in other words, carrying about the two great conditions of health, viz., respiration and exercise. Yet that man goes on puffing and blowing until he dies, and dies prematurely, too, for excessive fat is inimical to longevity."

"Another word or two about drinks. All fat people are large drinkers, and when we remember that about three-fourths of the human body is water, (if you put a human body into an oven and make it perfectly dry, it will go down from one hundred and fifty pounds to about forty pounds) you see what an intimate relation with this fat condition the large use of drinks may have. And it is not difficult to learn to get on with but little water. Most people drink many times more than they really need. A man weighing two hundred and fifty, has sixty or seventy pounds more of water in his system than he needs. So he must drink but little water and he will soon get on comfortably, not only without suffering, but with improving health."

"Madam, before you leave, I want to say one other thing; you must not sleep too much. Long sleep fastens. Don't go to bed very early, but get up early in the morning. Seven hours in the twenty-four, or say six hours for awhile, will do for you. In other words, madam, my prescription for you is, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut."

HOW SHALL THIN PEOPLE BECOME PLUMP.

But for one fat person there are, especially in New England, a dozen lean ones.

Here comes a young woman of twenty-five, who looks as though she were thirty-five, and the prematurely old look comes from this clinging of the skin to the bones. See how hollow her temples and cheeks are. Casting her eyes about the office to see that nobody overhears, she says:

"Doctor, what can be done for these dry bones? Why, I can hardly make a shadow; and while I ought to be plump at twenty, (which she deserves me to understand in her age) here I am looking like an old grandmother. Can anything be done for these crow's-feet about my eyes, and these scrawny collar-bones?"

"Well, this is curious; a woman just the opposite condition has this moment left here. She is carrying ninety pounds too much flesh. That makes her miserable. I have prescribed for her, and if she follows the prescription, in six months she will lose her extra pounds. If you have no disease, but simply a lack of fat, I am sure I shall be able to prescribe for you, so that the desired twenty-five pounds or more will come in about the same length of time."

"I am perfectly well, and I am strong, too, only I am such a skeleton."

"Let me question you a little. What time do you go to bed?"

"Generally about eleven, or half-past eleven."

"This must be changed. Instead of going to bed at eleven, or half-past eleven, if you are really in earnest about getting a plump, youthful appearance, you must go to bed at half-past eight or nine o'clock. With a fresh, plump, youthful person, a single hour in any company will gratify you and your friends more than a dozen nights with this faded and old look. So go to bed at half-past eight or nine o'clock, and don't be in a hurry about getting up in the morning. On going to bed and on getting up in the morning, drink as much cold water as you can swallow. Soon you will learn to drink two tumblers; and some persons may learn to drink still more. Drink all that your stomach will bear. Spend a good deal of time in the open air, without hard exercise, but exposed to the sun and fresh air. If practicable, ride in a carriage some hours every day. It keeps out enough to give you a good appetite, but don't work hard enough to produce excessive perspiration. Eat a great deal of oat-mel porridge, cracked wheat, graham mush, baked sweet apples, roasted and broiled beef, though the vegetable part is more fattening than the animal part. Lie down an hour in the middle of the day, just before you take your dinner, to rest, and, if possible, to take a little nap. Cultivate jolly people. Laugh and grow fat! rests upon a sound physiological basis. A pleasant flow of the social spirit is a great promoter of digestion. There, now go home, keep your skin clean, sleep in a room where the sun shines, keep everything sweet, and clean, and fresh about your bed; sleep nine, if possible, ten hours in the twenty-four, eat as I have told you, cultivate the jolly spirit, and in six months you will be as plump as even your lover could wish you to be."

My prescription for the fat lady was, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.

My prescription for you is, keep your eyes shut and your mouth open."

A Queer Freak of Conscience.

A gentleman recently had a valuable horse troubled with lameness. Wishing for some rum with which to bathe the leg, he stepped into a well-known grog shop, not far from his stable, and called for some of the alcoholic liniment, stating the use he wished to make of it. The proprietor of the store knew the great value of the horse, and the importance of its being supplied with a pure article; so he hesitated about filling the order. "Well, I declare," said he, "I declare, I do believe I haven't got any that is good enough!" Wasn't this a queer freak of conscience? He had plenty that would do for human stomachs, but none quite good enough for a horse's leg!

LOVE UP A TREE.

There was a nest in the apple tree,
A most delightful and cozy nook;
And one afternoon, about half-past three,
Kitty sat there reading a book;
Her fair head here with no hat to mar,
And her dress just showing one dainty foot.

Kitty half blushed, and then smiled and said,
"Won't you come up and sit here, now?"
And Kitty's brother, a boy to dread,
Saw, and determined to raise a row;
So he crept softly under the tree,
Listening to all they had to say.

Did the impish brother, and sly as could be,
Seized the ladder and bore it away.
Then they saw him, and she, with a frown,
Said, "What will that awful boy do next?"
And she called him the greatest scamp in town,
Yet I don't believe she was very much vexed.

For her lips half smiled, though her eyes half cried,
As she saw the position of matters now,
And he came over and sat by her side,
Leaving his place on the opposite bough.

What could they do? They were captives there,
Held as if by an iron band;
Kitty tossed back her golden hair,
And reflectively leaned her head on her hand.

"If," said he, "we for help should call,
They'd laugh to see us in such a plight,
So we'd best stay here till the shadows fall,
Or till some one or other comes in sight."

And some one did come; it was Kitty's papa,
Who past the tree his footsteps traced,
An saw through the leaves a lighted cigar,
And a masculine arm around a feminine waist.

Kitty looked down and blushed at once,
And then looked up and blushed at the other.
Said her father, "These are nice going on!"
Said she, "It was all the fault of my brother."

What was the end? I'll tell you that—
Some months after, 'mid silks and lace,
And ribbons and ruffles, some ladies sat,
Who were discussing the time and place
As to when—so ran their debate—
And when a certain wedding should be;

Then that impish brother was heard to state,
"It had better come off in the apple tree."

An Air-Castle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ZIG.

It is a fragment of the dream-life of a common-place woman. A quiet, married woman with a sober face and dull eyes. She is her husband's housekeeper. She is her children's nurse. There are no sunset geraniums in her window; there are no roses in her door-yard. Her children are scrubby and flaxen-haired, and wear checked aprons. The dull eyes of this common-place woman do not brighten for joy when the gorgeous sunset clouds gleam above the dark, far-away mountains, and tint the waves with red-gold. Her soulless ear does not quiver with delight when sweet, wild notes of music throb on the silent air. It is nothing to her. Her husband is a healthy soul, light-hearted in the main, and has full many a merry jest with the neighbors who come in now and then of an evening. She does not smile. She does not understand. She is awkward and timid to the eyes of strangers, shy even of her neighbors, and a keeper at home.

She is a silent woman. When her husband and children speak to her, she answers in monosyllables, in a low, unmodulated voice. When they do not ask her questions, she does not speak. Her children are stout young animals, full of rude, wild-spirits. They swarm about her with their noisy shouts and boisterous mirth. They do not startle her. She is not a nervous woman.

She has not strong feelings, they say. When the youngest of her chubby-faced children died, she scarcely shed a tear, nor moved a hair's breadth from the dull, aimless quiet of her life. She never missed the chubby-faced child, they said. The friends of her youth die and are buried, bright-haired children are born into the world, fair maidens and young men are wedded around her—it is nothing, nothing. Nor grief nor joy can darken or brighten her sombre gray life. The world goes roaring by unheeded. It is nothing to her. The movements she makes are the movements of the hands of a clock, the life she leads is a wooden life.

She leaves her common-place, unbecoming home at rare times if sickness and death shadow with their dark wings the homes of her neighbors. Not a woman of them all can soothe the weary sufferer as gently as she with her sober face and dull eyes. It is always the brown, quiet hands of this silent woman that fold the waxen fingers of the dead, and give the last touch to the white shroud. It is wonderful how handy she is in cases of sickness or death, they say.

She is useful to her husband, and makes him comfortable. She is a good woman, he tells people. But his niece and her young lady friends go with him when he rides or visits. The common-place wife does not feel neglected. She is not an imaginative woman.

Her rough, brown hands are busy all day long. Of mornings she labors at her homely household tasks; and afterwards sometimes she sits in a low rocking-chair by the window, and stitches coarse garments for the chubby-faced children. But she sings no song while she works. Yes she is not sad or melancholy, only silent. She never repines at her lot; never murmurs at the hard, homely tasks of her life. Poverty and riches are alike naught to her. She is a contented woman.

So the days of her life go by. But at night—

The angel of sleep folds the weary world in darkness, and lays his gentle fingers upon the eyelids of the dwellers in the dull, quiet house. The husband sleeps—the common-place wife beside him dreams.

And this is what she sees:—

A beautiful, stately house in a green valley—a home beautiful with flowers and birds and trailing vines—beautiful with joy, light, and love. All day long the golden hours

dash cheerily by to the sound of singing birds and rippling waters. Brave pictures adorn the walls of the house, and shining marble forms of beauty gleam among the green trees. All things that are lovely and cheery upon the earth, brighten the beautiful home in the green valley.

The people who dwell there are happy as the angels. A noble, knightly man, with dark, lustrous eyes, and a face radiant with tenderness and truth, sits in an easy chair, and looks lovingly into the eyes of a fair woman who sits beside him, clasping his hand. To the eyes of that fair woman he is beautiful as Apollo, brave, strong, and gentle as a knight of the olden time.

And the man whom the common-place woman sees in her dream is not the husband who is sleeping beside her.

She sees yet more in her vision. She sees that the fair, queenly woman's hair is not drawn back and twisted in a dull, ungraceful knot, but rippled in bright waves about her head, and she wears a dainty robe of white and azure. No scold cares mark the lovely face with disfiguring lines—no harsh, weary toil strains the exquisite nerves and stiffens the delicate fingers. Her blue eyes are not dull, tired eyes, but bright and shining with happiness. She is singing to the man beside her, a low, loving song, in a voice sweet and clear as a bird's—while he to whom she sings, listens well pleased, and draws the white, warm hand yet closer within his own.

And the fair lady whom the common-place woman sees in her dream is herself, beautified, glorified by the magician Love.

The beautiful, stately house is not a silent house. The musical shouts and laughter of merry children waken glad echoes among the trees, and mingle with the bird songs. Two rosy child-angels, a bouncy, bright boy with his mother's forehead and eyes, a fair little daughter with golden hair and dark eyes, bless and gladden the House Beautiful. Oh! they are happy, the father, mother, children of the vision, happy beyond the power of words to tell. Perfect love, perfect trust, perfect truth, dwell in their hearts and grow with the rolling years, making the earth beautiful as heaven. A silver-tongued bell chimes the hours of day and night only to tell that a new hour of joy has begun. If pain comes to them, or suffering, it can but touch them, and it is past; for they meet it with united hearts. And the brave man and the fair woman of the vision are bound together with a love which would lay down its life for the beloved one.

Alas! alas! Tears, darkness, despair! Darkness, despair, tears! The common-place woman turns her face away from the husband who is sleeping beside her, and weeps pillow with the tears which fall like rain, tears of chilling, terrible despair. There are pitiful mistakes in this world.

A nameless grave in an unknown land. The mouldering form of a grand, lion-hearted young hero, who fell by an assassin's hand, the blood stiffening in his clustering curls, the noble, knightly face scarred across with ghastly wounds. That is all there is left upon this earth of the common-place woman's dream, a rare, heavenly dream of what should have been, but was never, never, never more to be.

Sometimes when the gorgeous sunset clouds gleam above the dark, far-away mountains, and the red golden rays of light tint the waves, something seems to shine among them which is a ray of comfort and hope to her. Sometimes as she bends her dull eyes over the coarse garment she stitches, she thought comes to her that maybe in another world the dear God will make that real which is here but the picture of a dream. Mayhap in another life the enchanter's finger shall wake the music of that dumb soul.

What if the glorious dream-pictures which fill the fancy of those whose lives have no brightness here, are but glimpses of the real glory and the ineffable joy which shall be theirs on the other shore? There are poor hearts so lonely and sorrowful here below, that there is no brightness for them save the brightness reflected from their own unspoken fancies. What if the air-castles which the poor, troubled souls build in their dreams here, should be their real, actual homes in the hereafter?

I think I would give my life to know if it were so.

What if the loved, lost dead, those who are dearer to us than any among the living ever can be—what if they really do hover about us in our sleeping and waking dreams? What if these beloved friends, unseen, unknown by us, whisper in our ears the true promise of what shall be?

I do not know.

The Horrors of War.

The correspondent of the London Times, in his account of the recent battle of Forbach, gives this picture of the flight of the villagers. It may assuredly be read with profit in the families of those who dwell at home at ease:

"When we had reached the summit of the heights, and were actually out of immediate danger of the Prussian shot and shell—when, in fact, the poor people could think of something beyond the instant peril of life and limb—they seemed suddenly to realize the entire ruin which had fallen upon them; they also began to think of their families and friends who were all scattered, flying in desperation through the deep woods, where the darkness was deepening with the falling night. Such scenes of anguish and misery I never saw before, and hope never again to see. Mothers who had lost their children seeking for them with frantic cries and gesticulations—old tottering men and women stumbling feebly along, laden with some of their poor household gods, silent with the silent grief of age—little children, only half conscious of what all these things meant, tripping along, often leading some household pet, and seeking for some friendly hand to guide them—husbands supporting their wives, carrying their little ones (sometimes two or three) on their shoulders, and encouraging the little family group with brave and tender words—the woods ringing with shrieks and lamentations, with prayers to the Saviour and the Virgin. It is impossible to describe in language the sadness and the pathos of that most mournful exodus. If all the world could only catch a glimpse of such a scene, I will venture to say that war would become impossible; that fierce national pride, those Quixotic notions of honor, and the hot ambitions of kings and emperors and statesmen, would be forever curbed by the remembrance of all the pity and the desolation of the spectacle."

The Athenaeum says there is no foundation for the paragraph that is going the round of the papers to the effect that Mr. Tennyson is at work on a new poem. Mr. Tennyson's reported visit to the Rhine is also a fiction.

LADY FAIR.

Underneath the beach tree sitting,
With that everlasting knitting,
And the soft sun-shadows falling
Through her wavy hair;
All my thoughts and plans confusing,
All my resolution losing,
Say, what matter's in your musing,
Lady fair!

Oh, the charm that in your face is
All the loves and all the graces!
To be clasped in your embraces
Monarch's guard was;
Not a man, I ween, who sees you,
But would give his life to please you,
Yet you say—that loves tease you!
Lady fair!

One by one, to their undoing,
Fools in plenty come a-wooing,
Battled still, but still pursuing,
Tangled in the snare;
In your ever-changing smile hid,
Or beneath your sleepy eyelid,
Many a heart it hath beguiled,
Lady fair!

While the summer breeze fan her
Gently with their leafy banner,
Yeams form and Dian's manner,
Both my goddess wear;
Lives the man who can discover
Any secret spell to move her,
To the wish of mortal lover,
Cold as fair?

But to see those dark eyes brighten,
And for me with kindling lightness,
While the cheek's rich color brighten,
What would I not dare?
To improve their scornful splendor
With the love-light soft and tender,
Bow the proud heart to surrender,
Lady fair!

By the loves that thou hast broken
By the words that thou hast spoken,
By the passion they betoken,
I have loved, I swear,
Only then since I have seen thee:
And if woman's heart be in thee,
I will die, but I will win thee,
Lady fair!

How I Went to Edit the "CASTLETON EAGLE."

CHAPTER I.

"Wanted an experienced editor of Liberal views to conduct a journal in the province."

Such was the announcement that struck my eyes as I glanced on the front page of a literary journal. I wanted an excuse for leaving London, and thought this post would just suit me. I had a small income independent of a remunerative connection with the review and periodicals, and if the situation should turn out to be a poor one in a monetary way, I could afford to put up with it for a short time. I called on the agent to whom the advertisement referred.

"Well, sir," he replied to my preliminary questions, "I doubt if the place will suit you; the salary offered is very small."

"I don't so much care for that at present. Where should I have to go to, and what is the name of the paper?"

"Here is a copy of it."

"Why, this is in Ireland!"

"Yes, sir; we have had many gentlemen calling here, who inquired no farther when they ascertained that fact."

"But how is it the proprietors are willing to employ an Englishman, as I presume they are, from your agency in the matter?"

"I can scarcely tell, sir. My correspondent on the subject is a lady, who writes as if she were the owner of the journal, and perhaps she is."

The *Castleton Eagle*—the name rather tickled my fancy, and I had no objection to go to Ireland. It would serve my purpose as well as any other quarter of the globe. The man seemed astonished at the alacrity with which I closed with the miserable terms on which the desk of the *Eagle* was offered.

"You can write," I said, as I was leaving, "to say you have secured an editor, and a cheap one. With reference to qualification, you can say whatever you like; but, on second thoughts, perhaps you had better simply state that you believe I am capable of doing the work."

"Very good, sir. I shall let you know when they are ready for you."

A week after this I had taken my seat in the "Wild Irishman" train, from Euston terminus, bound for the extreme south of the county of Cork. As I leaned back in the carriage, I felt a certain boyish delight at my escape from the London round of life, which was becoming more or less wearisome to me. On arriving at Holyhead I noticed three ladies on the platform, who seemed in a distracted state with their luggage. There was no gentleman with them apparently, and the porter was listening in a surly and uninterested manner to their nervous description of a missing box. I went forward, and inquired if I could be of any assistance. They thanked me, and explained that they had put the box into the carriage with them—where it was ultimately found, shored far back under a seat, when the surly porter condescended to search for it. One of the ladies while directing the man had given me a shawl and cloak to hold, and when the little incident was over, I found myself following the party on board the steamer. They went down to the cabin, but I remained on deck, and was about to hand over my charges to the stewardess, when the owner of the shawl reappeared.

"Thank you," she said, smiling, as I offered to help her on with the cloak and to wrap her in the shawl; "I could not remain below, the morning is so fine."

"I think we are pretty sure of a calm passage."

"I am glad of that, for my companion's sake. I am a good sailor myself."

"Are you not afraid of the chill—there is always a cold mist over the sea at this hour?"

"Oh, not the least afraid."

I remember with a queer distinctness how our conversation grew, but I doubt whether it would be as interesting to others as it was to me. In fact, before the sun rose—and a beautiful day it was, flashing over the far edge of the green waves—we had become strangely confidential. Perhaps I ought rather to say I had. The lady listened with interest enough to encourage me, and at last I told her what was bringing me to Ireland.

"I am to edit a paper for an old woman."

"Indeed! it was a strange notion of yours, this adventure. How did it occur to you that she was a widow and you were to marry her? There is a subject for three volumes for you at once."

"I should be sorry to marry in Ireland. Irish ladies, I understand—"

"A little nod of the head, half satirical and half coquettish, warned me off the blunder I was about to make."

"But I didn't think you were Irish."

"Yes, quite Irish; and very proud of the fact, I assure you."

I hastened at once to apologize for the tone in which I had spoken. She took my explanation in the best good-humor.

The bay of Dublin was now opening before us, and I can at this moment call to mind the loveliness of that summer morning; the deep emerald tinge of the sea, the Wicklow hills, like purple clouds in the distance, the heavy-eyed gulls floating curiously across, and sometimes getting tangled in the smoke and coming to disengage in it the silks of white butterflies. There were as yet very few people on deck; but the quay draws nigh, and one by one the passengers appear.

"I think I had better say good-bye to you now."

And she held out her hand to me with a sweet unconscious frankness.

"Good-bye. I trust we may come across each other again. Perhaps you would tell me your name?"

She smiled for a second, and then, with an expression full of fun, glanced from me to one of her boxes lying outside the great deck pyramid of luggage.

I understood her at once. We parted, and I carefully wrote down, "Miss Westworth, Mountjoy-square, Dublin," the name and address inscribed on the trunk.

CHAPTER II.

Late the next night I arrived at the Castleton Arms, having performed the last twenty miles of the journey on stage-coach. My first impressions of Castleton were similar to those to which Johnson gave such emphatic utterance when Rowell told him—

"Sir, we are now in Scotland!" In the morning I found it impossible to procure a cold bath; but, instructed by a gurgling waiter, I found my way to a river which promised capital angling. On returning from a plunge and a swim, I went into a shop to purchase a copy of the *Castleton Eagle*, and I thought I could scarce do better than have a chat with the shopkeeper touching its local circulation and influence.

"Have I an *Eagle*, is it? Be got I have, had luck to this for *Aigles*."

"I thought it was considered a very good paper."

"Ye don't know what they call it in Cork, thin?" replied the fellow, with that sort of indescribable grin which comes over an Irishman's face when he is enjoying the foretaste of a joke; "they call the *Aigle* the *Goose*, and in my opinion they're right."

Notwithstanding my very limited association up to that period with the journal in question, I confess it was with no slight feeling of annoyance that I walked to breakfast after this account of it. While at the repeat, I remembered that the first thing I had to do was to see the gentleman whom I was to succeed, and who I had stipulated was to remain in office at least a fortnight after my arrival.

"James, take me to Mr. O'Brien," I heard a deep voice growl from the hall outside the coffee-room; and the waiter appeared, and handed me a piece of pasteboard on which was engraved, Mr. Joseph O'Brien, *Castleton Eagle*.

I rose to meet Mr. O'Brien, who was indeed the retiring editor of the *Eagle*, as the door opened, a very tall, powerfully-built man, rather coarse and florid-looking, but with handsome features, dressed in sporting costume, and with a brace of red setters at his heel, stood before me.

"How d'y'ee do, sir? I'm glad to see you," said Mr. O'Brien, heartily, and with an honest gleam in his eyes that took my fancy at once. "I hope you had a pleasant voyage."

I told him I had, and asked him to join me at breakfast, which he did; and when it was over he began immediately, at my request, to give me a notion of the duties I was about to enter on. The *Eagle*, I learned, was the sole property of a Mrs. Brady, whose husband had started and conducted it many years before. The editorial functions to be discharged consisted in writing two leaders (I am afraid Mr. O'Brien called them "leaders") in the week, and in controlling the movements of a solitary reporter, who made a petty session, meetings of boards of guardians, and such musical and dramatic criticisms as arose out of the occasional visit of a travelling theatrical company, or a concert of Castleton amateurs.

"Mrs. Brady is mighty stiff and stuck up; ye'll see but little of her. We've both to dine there to-day, though, and you can judge for yourself."

The opinion I formed of Mr. O'Brien was, that he was a clever, idle fellow; and I could perceive that he was not in the least annoyed at having to surrender his post to me.

Mrs. Brady resided outside the town, which contained, I should think, about ten thousand people, and was a prosperous place enough, as such towns went. Her house was prettily situated, with a short lawn running up to the house. Mr. O'Brien (who wore a shag of artificial flax round his hat) told me he had landed many a three and four-pound trout on the grass quite close to us.

Mrs. Brady was picking some flowers which were trained round a little pillar near the steps, and she turned round to greet us.

"You have had a long distance to come, Mr. Stanton. I trust we can make your stay with us agreeable."

Mrs. Brady spoke without a trace of the brogue. The dinner passed off pleasantly enough, and I found I could get on very well indeed with Mrs. Brady. During the course of the repast, Mr. O'Brien intimated that a boy was to bring him letters from the office in the evening, and "my rod too," the editor continued—"I thought you wouldn't mind me making a few casts in the garden; this half-apologetically to Mrs. Brady."

"Not at all," answered our hostess graciously; "and I trust you will be fortunate."

In due course the boy came, with a rod and landing-net, and Mr. O'Brien disappeared.

"I wanted to have a chat with you, Mr. Stanton," said Mrs. Brady.

We walked together into the garden, and I learned all about the politics and supporters of the *Eagle*. I ventured to ask why Mr. O'Brien was to be deposed.

"I think I may tell you, Mr. Stanton, although the witness is rather of a private nature. I didn't want him to make love to my daughter."

"Your daughter?"

"Yes. She is at present on a visit to a relative of hers in Dublin. In fact, it was at her request I am obliged to remove our editor, with whom, in a business way, I have no particular fault to find. He was constantly addressing verses to Kate in his 'Poet's Corner.' When he became acquainted with my reasons, he took matters very quietly, and so good-naturedly, that we remain, as you perceive, on the friendliest terms."

"Then he does not depend for his income altogether on the *Eagle*?"

"No; he has a small farm a few miles from here, and I think is rather glad than otherwise at being released from a fixed occupation. But, Mr. Stanton, there is something I want to say to you, if I may."

"Well, to tell the truth, I dread in your case a similar difficulty."

I confess I felt considerably vexed. What business had the old woman to suppose that I was going to fall in love with her daughter? Most likely an Irish country girl, with a milkmaid complexion and a few boarding-school graces.

"I can assure you, Mrs. Brady, that there is no danger of anything of the kind occurring; I am not a marrying man."

"I only wished to have your word on the subject; it would render our intercourse here less constrained, and I expect Kate home in three weeks."

The conversation then turned off from this topic; but I could not prevent myself from feeling very angry, and registering a silent vow that I would show both Mrs. Brady and her daughter that I had no desire for the honor of an alliance with the family.

CHAPTER III.

Nothing could equal Mr. O'Brien's courtesy and attention to me when I got the *Eagle* into hand. Our politics were rather peculiar than European, but there were occasions in which we considered it essential to war France, or threaten France, or refer to our difficulties with Central Asia.

Our parliamentary representative, who had promised to develop the mining resources of Castleton, had to be looked after; so had Mr. Dinsell, and a town commissioner, who was a tailor in private life, and who addressed letters to me signed as "Ourvier."

By the time I understood my business I was thoroughly disgusted with it, and yet it certainly amused me. I shall never forget a scene at a public dinner in the town-hall the first week of my arrival. The banquet was given in connection with an agricultural society, which had been started by a new English proprietor. Mr. O'Brien sat next to me during the banquet, which was of the most substantial description. He seemed most anxious that the dignity of the press should be duly asserted, although his mode of expressing his sentiments on the matter did not appear to me to be of the most impressive kind. For instance—as it happened more than once—if we required anything, Mr. O'Brien announced his wants in this fashion: "Walter, a fork for the press! Potatoes for the press, waiter! Waiter, salt for the press!" and so on.

There was a stout farmer opposite to me, whose performances on the beef and mutton were simply wonderful. This gentleman appeared, however, infinitely perplexed and disturbed by the tunes of a German band, which was hired to play in the progress of the festival. If he had an ear for music I don't wonder at it, for I seldom heard anything more villainous; but I think his dislike arose from a less fanciful cause. He was, at the eighth repetition of a waltz, driven beyond endurance, and roared out "Stop!" in so commanding a tone, that every one looked round. There was a dead silence for a moment, and the hideous orchestra was struck dumb; a shout of laughter from the company, however, sent it on again in full swing. Some ladies came in to look at us and hear the speeches; when I took a note of their dowdiness, I was more than ever tickled at the idea of being warned against the fascinations of a Castleton belle.

It was a fortnight after this (the winter was fast coming on and the river was loaded with brown leaves) that I spent an evening with Mrs. Brady; and, on the arrival of the post, she told me her daughter was returning the next day.

"I have a bad cold, and perhaps you would meet Kate at the post-office for me," she said. Of course I assented, and accordingly found myself in due time waiting outside the inn at which the rascable "Lightning" was expected. I was a little early, and spent the spare minutes smoking and speculating with some interest on the kind of girl she might be with whom I was not to fall in love on any account. In a quarter of an hour I heard the old-fashioned guard's horn, and a minute afterwards I was opening the door for a young lady whose face and head were so enveloped in a warm cloak that I could not distinguish her features. I simply introduced myself by saying, "Miss Brady!" and, receiving a nod in reply, I handed my charge out, and then got her boxes off the roof. When this was done I turned round, and saw standing next to me my fair companion of the Holyhead steamboat. She was laughing heartily, and putting out her hand said—

"I hope the 'old woman' and you are getting on well, Mr. Stanton. You see I have waited all this while to surprise you."

I scarce knew what to say. The explanation of the mystery was simple enough. Instead of pointing to one of her own boxes to direct me to an address, she had shown me a trunk which did not belong to her at all. And then you know, when you told me what you were going to do, I knew all about it, and wanted to have some fun with you when I came home."

Upon reaching the house, I was still confused, and felt an odd feeling of regret and pleasure. Mrs. Brady kissed her daughter affectionately, and I took my leave. I passed over the little bridge leading into the town on the way to my lodgings. Without being much of a poet or a mooner, I have a constant hankering after scenery. I could not help lingering on the bridge of planks to look at the shining stream passing off into the dark under a curve of low hills, and I began to regret my promise to Mrs. Brady.

CHAPTER IV.

I hang up at the commencement of this chapter an announcement similar to the proclamations made touching the unities of melo-drama as to the flight of time. It was now November. Mrs. Brady was good enough to express the greatest satisfaction with my management of her *Eagle*; and, in truth,

that bird was soaring high in the estimation of the subscribers, who had begun to increase in numbers. I had gone into what ever modest there was in the place, but had dropped it on the shortest trial. I will keep Mr. O'Brien with me. I did so, because, as I did not seriously contemplate living for any length of time in Castleton, it would be as well that Mr. O'Brien should be prepared to take up the running, as, so far as I could see, time had removed the objection which Mrs. Brady had to him. I was heartily fond of amuse-shooting, and, with O'Brien's aid and companionship, I managed to pass—

There is no use in beating about the bush in this manner; I fell ignominiously over head and ears in love with Kate Brady. I have a suspicion that O'Brien knew my secret, and felt a grim satisfaction at my sufferings. I think he was waiting for a proper opportunity for the time when I should break out in the "Poet's Corner" of the *Eagle*. But I remembered my resolution and pledge, and the rather invidious way in which it was drawn from me. Meanwhile Kate and I became the best of friends. I was accustomed, when the paper was out, to spend the next day on the moors, and in the evening went to Mrs. Brady, who always expressed herself happy to see me. Kate played charmingly, and I introduced her to my favorite Chopin. It was pleasant in the half-glow to listen to the wistful and intricate strains of notes lit with poetry, like some one's brown hair with threads of gold. I sat as far away from the piano as I could; at least I generally did, except once, and then I couldn't help it. I remember it was during that delicious "Invitation" waltz. I sat in a chair by my darling's side, and, as she bowed her head over the notes, my face was very close to hers. There was only one thought in our minds, and we both knew it. We gazed fearfully and long, until with an impulse I could no more help than I could help breathing, I touched her lips with mine. It was only for one instant. On went the waltz; and the waltz as though nothing had happened; on it went, but the notes were freighted now with the mere fancies of the artist, but with the burden of our own hopes for the future. When the waltz was over, Kate went from the room. I did not see her again that evening, and I had to wake Mrs. Brady to wish her good-night.

CHAPTER V.

Next morning I called on Mrs. Brady. I was resolved, at least, to tell as straight-forward a story as I could, and if she determined to keep me to my word, why, at the worst I should have to do so. She looked very grave when I met her. She heard me out with a cold politeness, and then asked me how soon I could complete my arrangements for leaving Castleton. There was a hard, cold, inexorable tone in her voice, and a contempt in it that stung me to the quick. I was ready to leave at once, but—

"You have broken your promise, Mr. Stanton; I permitted your visits here, trusting to it. The sooner we part the better. I think I can manage to reconcile my daughter to the loss she will sustain by your departure."

"Can I see her before I leave?"

"Certainly not." And the old lady opened the library door with a gesture that, taken with her white set face, was not encouraging to me.

I went down to the office of the *Eagle*, and without hesitation related the circumstances to Mr. O'Brien.

"Beard, it's an ugly business," said that gentleman. "Does Kate like you?"

"She does," I answered, and was almost sorry for speaking so abruptly, the good fellow's face showed so much genuine sadness.

"Well, she's a sweet girl," he remarked after a pause. "Look here! when are you to leave?"

"To-morrow, if you will resume your old post."

"I'll do anything for you, my boy," said this thoroughly loyal-hearted Irishman, "anything for you—and Miss Kate," he added with a slight effort; "but I see nothing for it, except for you to run away with her."

"That won't do. I have deceived her mother already; I'll not take her daughter from her in a sneaking fashion now."

"Then let me think over it. I can always consider best with the gun under my arm; and I'm going out for a crack at the plovers now. In the evening I'll tell you my plans."

I spent the day packing up, and when that task was over, I walked through the little room, and down to my favorite lounge on the bridge, from which I could catch a glimpse of Mrs. Brady's house. How sick and miserable I felt!

I returned, and wrote a letter to Kate. I did not know whether it would be delivered to her or not; but it was a relief to me to write it. Just as Mr. O'Brien made his appearance with a well-filled bag, I had in reply a short note from Kate. She was as miserable as I was. I would not forget her, would I? And she would so like to see me once more, if possible, before I went. If Mr. O'Brien spoke to mamma something might be done. I handed the note to O'Brien. He read it without a word.

"It is rather cruel of Miss Kate to make me an ambassador in this cause," he said; "but I'll stand to you."

And off he started for Mrs. Brady's house at once.

I walked down to the bridge again. It was the time of the November sunset; but I was in no mood to sentimentalize over landscape. I watched the river with a half-vacant, half-stupid stare. I suddenly felt some one next to me. It was Kate.

"I would see you—before you—before you—you—"

"Dearest, I will write to you constantly, and I hope to have a home to offer you shortly. If your mother persists—"

"Why did you make such a silly promise to her?"

This was said with an air of melancholy coquettishness.

"Because I didn't know who you were."

We almost forgot for a while that we were to part. I walked with her to the gate of the house. Kate turned pale when we came in view of the modest mansion; and I was trembling all over. We halted on the steps of the entrance-porch. We could not, I believe, to save our lives have spoken a word at the moment. Both Kate's hands were in mine; and they seemed to cling and to linger there, as if they would never leave their resting place.

"Mrs. Brady's compliments, and will ye both come in?" called aloud Mr. O'Brien from the garden.

The sentence was like the reading of a reprieve to a condemned criminal. We understood at once that Mr. O'Brien had been successful in his mission; and Kate turned round and gave him a hearty kiss.

The Banaroo.

A STORY OF MODERN IRELAND.

On the west coast of Ireland, a large island, called Inismore, stands off from the water; a real one-girl mountain range; wild lakes nestling in its hollows, and brown reaches of heathery hill, ending in abrupt cliffs, dropping nearly a thousand feet perpendicularly. At the foot of the cliffs the deep, deep water is always heaving and sinking to the Atlantic swell. On the south-eastern side the sea is calmer, and the shore shelves gently to the pier, from which the boats make their constant passage to the mainland, three miles distant.

The only house of any pretension on the island was rented, one year prior to the date of my story, by a Scotch family, consisting of two brothers and a sister, named Ferguson. They kept the shop—a store of heterogeneous articles: cotton and wool dresses; laces to dye the house-own hand; "white bread," the highest luxury of the islanders; tobacco, tea, and chocolate. The sister, Jean, was a dark, stately woman, cold and unimpassioned certainly, but the object of the devoted affection of each of the men in the community; a countryman of her own, Sergeant M'Kay, who pressed his suit earnestly and persistently, but the brothers Ferguson opposed him to a violent degree. It might have been their opposition, as much as the tall, handsome person of her lover, that caused the phlegmatic nature of Jean into amplexes; but accept him she did, and met her brother's bitter words with the same indifference with which she had formerly listened to M'Kay's courtship.

"Ye'll be wanting me to stay w' ye," she said; "but the sergeant is as glib as main folk, and wins aye me as ye've bin doing. Ye think ye'll no spare me fra' measuring the floor, and giving the once their bit at night; and mauls, Robert, ye've no got me forty pound of silver to give as my sin chair to me widdie! dower! flesh, widdie! a body must s'en marry some time; so ye may as well pay it now, as any other day."

And so M'Kay and Jean carried the day; the ring was bought, and the license procured.

It was a lovely summer morning as the wedding party left the island—Jean Ferguson, Jean, and their friends in two of the boats, while the sergeant and his men occupied the third. The little church on the mainland was crowded, for weddings are rare in the coastly-peopled districts of West Ireland, and all "the town" came to see Jean Ferguson married to the tall Scotch phlegmatic. The elder brother was absent. He could not, or he would not, come; but if his dark face was missed, it was certainly not wanted, for all felt his absence a relief.

It is the custom in Western Ireland to fire a kind of *feu-de-joie* on such occasions out of every available musket and pistol; and a perfect fusillade welcomed the bridal party, as the boats touched the pier on the return to the island. It was but a few steps to the house, and Duncan M'Kay drew his wife's arm through his, wishing with all his heart that the clamor was over, and he and his Jeanie away in the cottage he had been so eagerly preparing. Something of this he said, as he stooped to look in her face just as they entered the gate. An instant more, and a nearer report than any yet fired rang through the air. A woman's sharp cry, a deep groan from Duncan, and forward on the very threshold the bridegroom fell.

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TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer
3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING.

As follows: Every New Subscriber for Next Year, (all of 1871), whose subscription is received during this month of September, shall be presented with the paper for October (beginning October 8th), November and December without charge.

N. B.—Subscribers too distant to respond to this before October 1, will be allowed extra time to send in their names.

SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

We design commencing the admirable Novel of

LEONIE'S MYSTERY,

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

In THE POST of October 8th. And in order to stimulate all unfortunate persons who do not take THE POST to enroll themselves on its list, and become as wise and virtuous as those who are already its readers, we make the following

LIBERAL OFFER.

The names of all NEW subscribers for 1871, whose subscriptions reach us by the first of October next, shall be entered on our list at once, and their subscriptions commence with the paper of October 8th—the first of the new story. They will thus receive THIRTEEN papers in addition to the regular weekly numbers for 1871—or FIFTEEN MONTHS in all!

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Club Terms:

One copy (and the Premium Steel Engraving) \$3.50.	
2 copies, 6.00	\$4.00
3 " (and one extra) 9.00	
4 " (and one extra) 12.00	
5 " (and one extra) 15.00	
6 " (and one extra) 18.00	
7 " (and one extra) 21.00	
8 " (and one extra) 24.00	
9 " (and one extra) 27.00	
10 " (and one extra) 30.00	

One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 4.00
Every person getting up a Club will receive the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5 and over both the Premium Engraving and an extra paper.

While we offer thus a special inducement to NEW subscribers, our OLD subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and the ease of getting up their clubs—And it is thus to their interest, as we hope it is to their kindly feeling to speak a good word for us to their friends.

Our NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING for next year is a beautiful plate called "The Sisters." It is engraved on steel, by the celebrated English engraver, G. F. Doo—one of the three or four best engravers in the world—after a painting by the renowned artist, Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is of medium size (for greater convenience in framing) but is a superior engraving to any heretofore issued by us, being a perfect gem of art.

This beautiful picture (or one of "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full (\$2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club!

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of four or more NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "THE SISTERS," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full), in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend.

TWO MONTHS FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who send on their subscriptions by the first of November, shall receive the November and December numbers of the present year in addition—making 14 months in all!

ONE FOLD.

BY BERTHA SIDNEY CRANSTON.

And so the battle is nearly done.
And the shield will be laid away.
For the golden bronze of the evening sun
Blends o'er the meadow gray.
'Tis a long, long strife to the end, sweet wife;
The end, just a myrtle crown.
Two billows of green, with a cross between,
Where we lay our burden down.

This way has been dark at times, and drear
With the dropping of tears between,
When the steady close of your hand in mine
Has been all that made it green;
But the sunlight broke, when your smile
Awoke.
And the valleys of rest were sweet,
When the hills were past, and the path at last
Grew soft to our aching feet.

One love, one home, one heaven before,
One fold in heart and life,
And the old love still will last us through
To the journey's end, sweet wife.
And reaching on, when this life is done,
It will live, and thrive, and grow,
With a deathless flame and a deeper name,
Than our mortal loves can know.

The way's guide upon life's broad track,
How oft have we read through tears!
We've trod the lesson with whitened lips,
When we could not pray for tears!
Some lie so small, and some so tall,
But all are green at last,
We hold them children, in our hearts,
And keep them close and fast!

And some have heard life's sweetest tale,
And some its saddest song;
We leave them all to Him whose love
Can never be blind or wrong!
While we turn back, look o'er the track,
And a wave of greeting send,
The paths lie wide, and the way beside,
But all lead to one end!

So, slowly, as for days or years,
We journey on the way,
And the West an amber light
Proclaims a dying day.
And what, though life die out, sweet wife,
And its signal fire burn low?
For a glory white, against the night,
Like a watch-fire seems to glow!

Fat and Thin People.

[The following is a chapter from the advance sheets of Dr. Die Lewis's "Talks About People's Stomachs," soon to be published:]

HOW FAT PEOPLE MAY GET THEMSELVES INTO SHIP-SHAPE.

Even in New England there are a great many uncomfortably fat people. I say even in New England, because it is supposed that Yankee are a grunt, ghostly folk. But in an audience of five hundred, almost anywhere in New England, you may see a dozen uncomfortably fat people—waddling wheezy, anti-go-by-stairs sort of people. Down in Pennsylvania, in an audience of the same size, especially if you are in a country district, the proportion of fat ones is very large. Let me give you a case—a funny case. An immensely fat, panting, red-faced woman came to me with a fat word in her mouth, "obesity," and, standing before me, exclaimed:

"Doctor, just look at me! Ain't I sight to behold? This is the torment of my life. I shouldn't weigh more than one hundred and thirty pounds, but I do weigh two hundred and twenty. Now just think of my carrying that extra ninety pounds whenever I move. What can be done for me? All summer long I pant and perspire, and wish myself in Greenland. When I walk the streets, my sister says I look just like a Berkshire pig. When I go up stairs in a hurry, I just lose my breath altogether, and plump myself down into a chair, and gasp it back again. Now what can be done for me, Doctor?"

"Has your husband a horse?" [I already knew he had several.]

"Oh, yes; why you know he keeps a stable full."

"Do they ever get fat?"

"Oh, yes; you know my husband keeps fast horses. I hear about nothing else the year round, but '2,400, 2,311,' and that 'they are too fat,' and that 'they are out of condition,' and all the rest of it; you know the phrases."

"When your husband's horses get too fat, can he reduce them?"

"Oh, yes; very easily."

"How does he do it?"

"Why, he reduces their food, and gives them more exercise."

"Madam, all I have to say is, 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

"What! starve? Why, I have tried that for months together. What I have eaten would keep a mosquito alive; and I have grown fatter and fatter all the time."

"Madam, you must excuse me, but what you are saying lacks accuracy. You eat and drink too much, or you would not be in this condition."

"Well, how little should I eat?"

"I cannot tell you that; but I can say that you should reduce the quantity which you are now eating, and you should live with very little drink. This will help you much."

"To be particular, let me say, go on with just such food as you like. If you are fond of meat, all the better; increase the proportion of that article a little. Masticate the food very thoroughly, so that you will not need much drink to swallow it. When you have a desire for drink, content yourself with a single mouthful. In a week or two you will be surprised to find how the wish for water has disappeared. If you can learn to get on with one tumblerful of water, or other drink per day, this fat, shabby condition will at once begin to disappear."

"But to speak of your food again, reduce the quantity you now eat one-quarter, and after, say two months, reduce another quarter. This reduction will probably be sufficient, if you rigidly observe what I have said about drinks."

"If, in addition to this, you exercise yourself into a profuse perspiration once or twice a day, you will be astonished to find how soon your clothes will be growing loose. Why, madam, there is not a fat person under fifty years of age in the country, who might not get himself or herself into comfortable proportions in less than half a year."

"Doctor, what do you think of Bentley's system?"

"I think just this: If people have no control over their appetites, that system is a good thing, although sure to produce an abnormal condition of the tissues. We cannot use meat above a certain percentage in our food without deranging the general health. A feverish, hard pulse, and a certain condition of the stomach and liver which will show itself in a darkening of the complexion—these and other symptoms will show, when we eat more meat than we should, that the vital processes are not going on well; and besides, this expedient which Bentley advises, of living on meat is entirely unscientific. It is infinitely better to keep up about the usual proportions of meat and vegetable food, and simply reduce the quantity."

"But, Doctor, if I go into this thing as you advise, it seems to me that I shall hardly be able to keep on my feet, I shall be so weak."

"Madam, you are entirely mistaken. Any person whose too fat will only experience a sense of lightness and increasing strength, when making a judicious reduction in the amount of food and drink. He will breathe better, move quicker, and feel that a great load is being removed."

"For example, a man weighs, say two hundred and fifty pounds, and should weigh to be active and healthy, one hundred and seventy-five pounds. This man is carrying about an extra seventy-five pounds, interfering with his respiration and activity; in other words, cutting about the two great conditions of health, viz., respiration and exercise. Yet that man goes on puffing and blowing until he dies, and dies prematurely, too, for excessive fat is inimical to longevity."

"Another word or two about drinks. All fat people are large drinkers, and when we remember that about three-fourths of the human body is water, (if you put a human body into an oven and make it perfectly dry, it will go down from one hundred and fifty pounds to about forty pounds) you see what an intimate relation with this fat condition the large use of drinks may have. And it is not difficult to learn to get on with but little water. Most people drink many times more than they really need. A man weighing two hundred and fifty, has sixty or seventy pounds more of water in his system than it needs. So he must drink but little water and he will soon get on comfortably, not only without suffering, but with improving health."

"Madam, before you leave, I want to say one thing more; you must not sleep too much. Long sleep fatness. Don't go to bed very early, but get up early in the morning. Seven hours in the twenty-four, or say six hours for awhile, will do for you. In other words, madam, my prescription for you is, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut."

HOW SHALL THIN PEOPLE BECOME PLUMP.

But for one fat person there are, especially in New England, a dozen lean ones.

Here comes a young woman of twenty-five, who looks as though she were thirty-five, and the prematurely old looks come from this clinging of the skin to the bones. See how hollow her temples and cheeks are. Casting her eyes about the office to see that nobody overheard, she says:

"Doctor, what can be done for these dry bones? Why, I can hardly make a shadow; and while I ought to be plump at twenty, (which she desires me to understand is her age) here I am looking like an old grand-mother. Can anything be done for these crow's-feet about my eyes, and these scrawny collar-bones?"

"Well, this is curious; a woman just the opposite condition has this moment left her. She is carrying ninety pounds too much flesh. That makes her miserable. I have prescribed for her, and if she follows the prescription, in six months she will lose her extra pounds. If you have no disease, but simply a lack of fat, I am sure I shall be able to prescribe for you, so that the desired twenty-five pounds or more will come in about the same length of time."

"I am perfectly well, and I am strong, too, only I am such a skeleton."

"Let me question you a little. What time do you go to bed?"

"Generally about eleven, or half-past eleven."

"This must be changed. Instead of going to bed at eleven, or half-past eleven, if you are really in earnest about getting a plump, youthful appearance, you must go to bed at half-past eight or nine o'clock. With a fresh, plump, youthful person, a single hour in any company will gratify you and your friends more than a dozen nights with this faded and old look. So go to bed at half-past eight or nine o'clock, and don't be in a hurry about getting up in the morning. On going to bed and on getting up in the morning, drink as much cold water as you can swallow. Soon you will learn to drink two tumblers; and some persons may learn to drink still more. Drink all that your stomach will bear. Spend a good deal of time in the open air, without hard exercise, but exposed to the sun and fresh air. If practicable, ride in a carriage some hours every day. Remain out enough to give you a good appetite, but don't work hard enough to produce excessive perspiration. Eat a great deal of oat-meal porridge, cracked wheat, graham mush, baked apples, roasted and broiled beef, though the vegetable part is more fattening than the animal part. Lie down an hour in the middle of the day, just before you take your dinner, to rest, and, if possible, to take a little nap. Cultivate jolly people. Laugh and give fat rests upon a sound physiological basis. A pleasant flow of the social spirit is a great promoter of digestion. There, now go home, keep your skin clean, sleep in a room where the sun shines, keep everything sweet, and clean, and fresh about your bed; sleep nine, if possible, ten hours in the twenty-four, eat as I have told you, cultivate the jolly spirit, and in six months you will be as plump as even your lover could wish you to be."

My prescription for the fat lady was, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.
My prescription for you is, keep your eyes shut and your mouth open."

A Queer Freak of Conscience.

A gentleman recently had a valuable horse troubled with lameness. Wishing for some rum with which to bathe the leg, he stepped into a well-known grog shop, not far from his stable, and called for some of the alcoholic liniment, stating the use he wished to make of it. The proprietor of the store knew the great value of the horse, and the importance of its being supplied with a pure article; so he hesitated about filling the order. "Well, I declare," said he, "I declare, I do believe I haven't got any that is good enough." Wasn't this a queer freak of conscience? He had plenty that would do for human stomachs, but none quite good enough for a horse's leg!

LOVE UP A TREE.

There was a seat in the apple tree,
A most delightful and easy nook;
And one afternoon, about half-past three,
Kitty sat there reading a book;
Her fair head bare with no hat to mar,
And her dress just showing one dainty toe;
And he saw her as he smoked his cigar,
And he came and stood at the ladder's foot.

Kitty half blushed, and then smiled and said,
"Won't you come up and sit here, now?"
And Kitty's brother, a boy to dream,
Saw, and determined to raise a row;
So he crept softly under the tree,
Listening to all they had to say,
Did the impish brother, and sly as could be,
Seized the ladder and bore it away.

Then they saw him, and she, with a frown,
Said, "What will that awful boy do next?"
And she called him the greatest scamp in town,
Yet I don't believe she was very much vexed,
For her lips half smiled, though her eyes half cried,
As she saw the position of matters now,
And he came over and sat by her side,
Leaving his place on the opposite bough.

What could they do? They were captives there,
Held as if by an iron band;
Kitty looked back her golden hair,
And reflectively leaned her head on her hand.
"If," said he, "we for help should call,
They'd laugh to see us in such a plight,
So we'd best stay here till the shadows fall,
Or till some one or other comes to sight."

And some one did come; it was Kitty's papa,
Who past the tree his footsteps traced,
An saw through the leaves a lighted cigar,
And a masculine arm around a feminine waist.
Kitty looked down and blushed at once,
And then looked up and blushed at the other.
Said her father, "These are nice goings on!"
Said she, "It was all the fault of my brother."

What was the end? I'll tell you that—
Some months after, 'mid sifs and lace,
And ribbons and ruffles, some ladies sat,
Who were discussing the time and place
As to when—no ran their debate—
And where a certain wedding should be;
Then that impish brother was heard to state,
"It had better come off in the apple tree."

An Air-Castle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ZIG.

It is a fragment of the dream-life of a common-place woman. A quiet married woman with a sober face and dull eyes. She is her husband's housekeeper. She is her children's nurse. There are no great geraniums in her window; there are no roses in her door-yard. Her children are chubby and flaxen-haired, and wear checked aprons. The dull eyes of this common-place woman do not brighten for joy when the gorgeous sunset clouds gleam above the dark, far-away mountains, and tint the waves with red-gold. Her soulless ear does not quiver with delight when sweet, wild notes of music throb on the silent air. It is nothing to her. Her husband is a healthy soul, light-hearted in the main, and has full many a merry jest with the neighbors who come in now and then of an evening. She does not smile. She does not understand. She is awkward and timid to the eyes of strangers, say even of her neighbors, and a keeper at home.

She is a silent woman. When her husband and children speak to her, she answers in monosyllables, in a low, unmodulated voice. When they do not ask her questions, she does not speak. Her children are stout young animals, full of rude, wild spirits. They swarm about her with their noisy shouts and boisterous mirth. They do not startle her. She is not a nervous woman.

She has not strong feelings, they say. When the youngest of her chubby-faced children died, she scarcely shed a tear, nor moved a hair's breadth from the dull, aimless quiet of her life. She never missed the chubby-faced child, they said. The friends of her youth die and are buried, bright-haired children are born into the world, fair maidens and young men are wedded around her—it is nothing, nothing. Nor grief nor joy can darken or brighten her sombre gray life. The world goes roaring by unheeded. It is nothing to her. The movements she makes are the movements of the hands of a clock, the life she leads is a wooden life.

She leaves her common-place, unbecoming home at rare times if sickness and death shadow with their dark wings the homes of her neighbors. Not a woman of them all can soothe the weary sufferer as gently as she with her sober face and dull eyes. It is always the brown, quiet hands of this silent woman that fold the waxen fingers of the dead, and give the last touch to the white shroud. It is wonderful how handy she is in cases of sickness or death, they say.

She is useful to her husband, and makes him comfortable. She is a good woman, he tells people. But his niece and her young lady friends go with him when he rides or visits. The common-place wife does not feel neglected. She is not an imaginative woman.

Her rough, brown hands are busy all day long. Of mornings she labors at her homely household tasks; of afternoons sometimes she sits in a low rocking-chair by the window, and stitches coarse garments for the chubby-faced children. But she sings no song while she works. Yet she is not sad or melancholy, only silent. She never repines at her lot; never murmurs at the hard, homely tasks of her life. Poverty and riches are alike naught to her. She is a contented woman.

So the days of her life go by. But at night—
The angel of sleep folds the weary world in darkness, and lays his gentle fingers upon the eyelids of the dwellers in the dull, quiet house. The husband sleeps—the common-place wife beside him dreams.

And this is what she sees:—
A beautiful, stately house in a green valley—a home beautiful with flowers and birds and trailing vines—beautiful with joy, light, and love. All day long the golden hours

much silently by to the sound of singing birds and ringing waters. Brave pictures adorn the walls of the house, and shining marble forms of beauty gleam among the green trees. All things that are lovely and cheery open the earth, brighten the beautiful home in the green valley.

The people who dwell there are happy as the angels. A noble, knightly man, with dark, lustrous eyes, and a face radiant with tenderness and truth, sits in an easy chair, and looks lovingly into the eyes of a fair woman who sits beside him, clasping his hand. To the eyes of that fair woman he is beautiful as Apollo, brave, strong, and gentle as a knight of the olden time.

And the man whom the common-place woman sees in her dream is not the husband who is sleeping beside her.

She sees yet more in her vision. She sees that the fair, queenly woman's hair is not drawn back and twisted in a dull, ungraceful knot, but ripples in bright waves about her head, and she wears a dainty robe of white and azure. No sordid cares mark the lovely face with disfiguring lines—no harsh, weary toil strains the exquisite nerves and stiffens the delicate fingers. Her blue eyes are not dull, tired eyes, but bright and shining with happiness. She is singing to the man beside her, a low, loving song, in a voice sweet and clear as a bird's—while he to whom she sings, listens well pleased, and draws the white, warm hand yet closer within his own.

And the fair lady whom the common-place woman sees in her dream is herself, beautified, glorified by the magician Love.

The beautiful, stately house is not a silent house. The musical shouts and laughter of merry children waken glad echoes among the trees, and mingle with the bird song. Two rosy child-angels, a bonny, bright boy with his mother's forehead and eyes, a fair little daughter with golden hair and dark eyes, bless and gladden the House Beautiful. Oh! they are happy, the father, mother, children of the vision, happy beyond the power of words to tell. Perfect love, perfect trust, perfect truth, dwell in their hearts and grow with the rolling years, making the earth beautiful as heaven. A silver-tongued bell chimes the hours of day and night only to tell that a new hour of joy is begun. If pain comes to them, or suffering, it can but touch them, and it is past; for they meet it with united hearts. And the brave man and the fair woman of the vision are bound together with a love which would lay down its life for the beloved one.

Alas! alas! Tears, darkness, despair! Darkness, despair, tears! The common-place woman turns her face away from the husband who is sleeping beside her, and weeps her pillow with the tears which fall like rain, tears of chilling, terrible despair. There are pitiful mistakes in this world.

A nameless grave in an unknown land. The mouldering form of a grand, lion-hearted young hero, who fell by an assassin's hand, the blood stiffening in his clustering curls, the noble, knightly face scarred across with ghastly wounds. That is all there is left upon this earth of the common-place woman's dream, a rare, heavenly dream of what should have been, but was never, never, never more to be.

Sometimes when the gorgeous sunset clouds gleam above the dark, far away mountains, and the red golden rays of light tint the waves, something seems to shimmer among them which is a ray of comfort and hope to her. Sometimes she bends her dull eyes over the coarse garment she stitches, she thought comes to her that maybe in another world the dear God will make that real which is here but the picture of a dream. Maybe in another life the enchanter's finger shall wake the music of that dumb soul.

What if the glorious dream-pictures which fill the fancy of those whose lives have no brightness here, are but glimpses of the real glory and the ineffable joy which shall be theirs on the other shore? There are poor hearts so lonely and sorrowful here below, that there is no brightness for them save the brightness reflected from their own unspoken fancies. What if the air-castles which the poor, troubled souls build in their dreams here, should be their real, actual homes in the hereafter?

I think I would give my life to know if it were so.

What if the loved, lost dead, those who are dearer to us than any among the living ever can be—what if they really do hover about us in our sleeping and waking dreams? What if these beloved friends, unseen, unknown by us, whisper in our ears the true promise of what shall be?

I do not know.

The Horrors of War.

The correspondent of the London Times, in his account of the recent battle of Forbach, gives this picture of the flight of the villagers. It may assuredly be read with profit in the families of those who dwell at home at ease:

"When we had reached the summit of the heights, and were actually out of immediate danger of the Prussian shot and shell—when, in fact, the poor people could think of something beyond the instant peril of life and limb—they seemed suddenly to realize the entire ruin which had fallen upon them; they also began to think of their families and friends who were all scattered, flying in desperation through the deep woods, where the darkness was deepening with the falling night. Such scenes of anguish and misery I never saw before, and hope never again to see. Mothers who had lost their children seeking for them with frantic cries and gesticulations—old tottering men and women stumbling feebly along, laden with some of their poor household gods, silent with the silent grief of age—little children, only half conscious of what all these things meant, tripping along, often leading some household pet, and seeking for some friendly hand to guide them—husbands supporting their wives, carrying their little ones (sometimes two or three) on their shoulders, and encouraging the little family group with brave and tender words—the woods ringing with shrieks and lamentations, with prayers to the Saints and the Virgin. It is impossible to describe in language the sadness and the pathos of that most mournful exodus. If all the world could only catch a glimpse of such a scene, I will venture to say that war would become impossible; that fierce national pride, those Quixotic notions of honor, and the hot ambitions of kings and emperors and statesmen, would be forever curbed by the remembrance of all the pity and the desolation of the spectacle."

THE Athenaeum says there is no foundation for the paragraph that is going the round of the papers to the effect that Mr. Tennyson is at work on a new poem. Mr. Tennyson's reported visit to the Rhine is also a fiction.

LADY FAIR.

Underneath the beech tree sitting,
With that everlasting knitting,
And the soft sun-shadows falling
Through her wavy hair;
All my thoughts and plans confounding,
All my resolution losing,
Say, what matter's in your musing,
Lady fair!

Oh, the charm that in your face is
All the love and all the grace!
To be clasped in your embrace
Monarch's guards were:
Not a man, I ween, who sees you,
But would give his life to please you,
Yet you say—that lovers tease you!
Lady fair!

One by one, to their undoing,
Fools in plenty come a-mooing,
Baffled still, but still pursuing,
Tangled in the snare:
In your ever-changing smile hid,
Or beneath your sleepy eyelid,
Many a heart is hath beguiled,
Lady fair!

While the summer breezes fan her
Gently with their leafy banner,
Venus form and Dian's manner,
Both my golden wear:
Lives the man who can discover
Any secret spell to move her,
To the wish of mortal lover,
Cold as fair!

But to see those dark eyes brighten,
And for me with kindling lightens,
While the cheek's rich color brightens,
What would I not dare?
To improve their successful splendor
With the love-light soft and tender,
Bow the proud heart to surrender,
Lady fair!

By the love that thou hast broken
By the words that I have spoken,
By the passion they betoken,
I have loved, I swear,
Only then since I have seen thee:
And if woman's heart be in thee,
I will die, but I will win thee,
Lady fair!

How I Went to Edit the
"CASTLETOWN EAGLE."

CHAPTER I.

"Wanted an experienced editor of Liberal views to conduct a journal in the province."

Such was the announcement that struck my eyes as I glanced on the front page of a literary journal. I wanted an excuse for leaving London, and thought this post would suit me. I had a small income independent of a remunerative connection with the reviews and periodicals, and if the situation should turn out to be a poor one in a monetary way, I could afford to put up with it for a short time. I called on the agent to whom the advertisement referred.

"Well, sir," he replied to my preliminary questions, "I doubt if the place will suit you; the salary offered is very small."

"I don't so much care for that at present. Where should I have to go to, and what is the name of the paper?"

"Here is a copy of it."

"Why, this is in Ireland!"

"Yes, sir; we have had many gentlemen calling here, who inquired no further when they ascertained that fact."

"But how is it the proprietors are willing to employ an Englishman, as I presume they are, from your agency in the matter?"

"I can scarcely tell, sir. My correspondent on the subject is a lady, who writes as if she were the owner of the journal, and perhaps she is."

The *Castletown Eagle*—the name rather tickled my fancy, and I had no objection to go to Ireland. It would serve my purpose as well as any other quarter of the globe. The man seemed astonished at the alacrity with which I closed with the miserable terms on which the desk of the *Eagle* was offered.

"You can write," I said, as I was leaving, "to say you have secured an editor, and a cheap one. With reference to qualification, you can say whatever you like; but, on second thoughts, perhaps you had better simply state that you believe I am capable of doing the work."

"Very good, sir. I shall let you know when they are ready for you."

A week after this I had taken my seat in the "Wild Irishman" train, from Euston terminus, bound for the extreme south of the county of Cork. As I leaned back in the carriage, I felt a certain boyish delight at my escape from the London round of life, which was becoming more or less wearisome to me. On arriving at Holyhead I noticed three ladies on the platform, who seemed in a distracted state with their luggage. There was no gentleman with them apparently, and the porter was listening in a surly and uninterested manner to their nervous description of a missing box. I went forward, and inquired if I could be of any assistance. They thanked me, and explained that they had put the box into the carriage with them—where it was ultimately found, shored far back under a seat, when the surly porter condescended to search for it. One of the ladies while directing the man had given me a shawl and cloak to hold, and when the little incident was over, I found myself following the party on board the steamer. They went down to the cabin, but I remained on deck, and was about to hand over my charges to the stewardess, when the owner of the shawl reappeared.

"Thank you," she said, smiling, as I offered to help her on with the cloak and to wrap her in the shawl; "I could not remain below, the morning is so fine."

"I think we are pretty sure of a calm passage."

"I am glad of that, for my companions' sake. I am a good sailor myself."

"Are you not afraid of the chill—there is always a cold mist over the sea at this hour?"

"Oh, not the least afraid."

I remember with a queer distinctness how our conversation grew, but I doubt whether it would be as interesting to others as it was to me. In fact, before the sun rose—and a beautiful dawn it was, flushing over the far edge of the green waves—we had become strangely confidential. Perhaps I ought rather to say I had. The lady listened with interest enough to encourage me, and at last I told her what was bringing me to Ireland.

"I am to edit a paper for an old woman."

"Indeed! it was a strange notion of yours, this adventure. How odd it would turn out if she were a widow and you were to marry her! There is a subject for three volumes for you at once."

"I should be sorry to marry in Ireland. Irish ladies, I understand—"

A little nod of the head, half satirical and half coquettish, warned me off the blunder I was about to make.

"But I didn't think you were Irish."

"Yes, quite Irish; and very proud of the fact, I assure you."

I hastened at once to apologise for the tone in which I had spoken. She took my explanation in the best good-humor.

The bay of Dublin was now opening before us, and I sat at this moment all to visit the loveliness of that summer morning; the deep emerald tinge of the sea, the Wicklow hills, like purple clouds in the distance, the heavy-eyed gulls floating curiously across, and sometimes getting tangled in the smoke and seeming to dissolve in it to the size of white butterflies. There were as yet very few people on deck; but the quay draws, and one by one the passengers appeared.

"I think I had better say good-bye to you now."

And she held out her hand to me with a sweet unconscious frankness.

"Good-bye. I trust we may come across each other again. Perhaps you would tell me your name?"

She smiled for a second, and then, with an expression full of fun, glanced from me to one of her boxes lying outside the great deck pyramid of luggage.

I understood her at once. We parted, and I carefully wrote down, "Miss Westworth, Mountjoy-square, Dublin," the name and address inscribed on the trunk.

CHAPTER II.

Late the next night I arrived at the Castletown Arms, having performed the last twenty miles of the journey on a stage-coach. My first impressions of Castletown were similar to those to which Johnson gave such emphatic utterance when Bowdell told him—

"Sir, we are now in Scotland!" In the morning I found it impossible to procure a cold bath; but, instructed by a garrulous waiter, I found my way to a river which promised capital angling. On returning from a plunge and a swim, I went into a shop to purchase a copy of the *Castletown Eagle*, and I thought I could scarce do better than have a chat with the shopkeeper touching its local circulation and influence.

"Have I an *Eagle*, is it? Be ger I have, bad luck to him for *Aigles*."

"I thought it was considered a very good paper."

"Ye don't know what they call it in Cork, thin?" replied the fellow, with that sort of insouciant grin which comes over an Irishman's face when he is enjoying the fortitude of a joke; "they call the *Aigle* the *Gaele*, and in my opinion they're right."

Notwithstanding my very limited acquaintance up to that period with the journal in question, I confess it was with no slight feeling of annoyance that I walked to breakfast after this account of it. While at the repeat, I remembered that the first thing I had to do was to see the gentleman whom I was to succeed, and who I had stipulated was to remain in office at least a fortnight after my arrival.

"James, take me to Mr. O'Brien," I heard a deep voice growl from the hall outside the coffee-room; and the waiter appeared, and handed me a piece of pasteboard on which was engraved, Mr. Joseph O'Brien, *Castletown Eagle*.

I rose to meet Mr. O'Brien, who was indeed the retiring editor of the *Eagle*; and as the door opened, a very tall, powerfully-built man, rather coarse and florid-looking, but with handsome features, dressed in sparkling costume, and with a brace of red setters at his heel, stood before me.

"How d'ye do, sir? I'm glad to see you," said Mr. O'Brien, heartily, and with an honest gleam in his voice that took my fancy at once. "I hope you had a pleasant voyage."

I told him I had, and asked him to join me at breakfast, which he did; and when it was over he began immediately, at my request, to give me a notion of the duties I was about to enter on. The *Eagle*, I learned, was the sole property of a Mrs. Brady, whose husband had started and conducted it many years before. The editorial functions to be discharged consisted in writing two leaders (I am afraid Mr. O'Brien called them "leaders") in the week, and in controlling the movements of a solitary reporter, who "did" the petty sessions, meetings of boards of guardians, and such musical and dramatic criticisms as arose out of the occasional visit of a travelling theatrical company, or a concert of Castletown amateurs.

"Mrs. Brady is mighty stiff and stuck up; ye'll see but little of her. We're both to dine there to-day, though, and you can judge for yourself."

The opinion I formed of Mr. O'Brien was, that he was a clever, idle fellow; and I could perceive that he was not in the least annoyed at having to surrender his post to me.

Mrs. Brady resided outside the town, which contained, I should think, about ten thousand people, and was a prosperous place enough, as such towns went. Her house was prettily situated, with a short lawn running down to the river. As we were walking up to the house, Mr. O'Brien (who wore a string of artificial flies round his hat) told me he had landed many a three and four-pound trout on the grassy slope close to us.

Mrs. Brady was picking some flowers which were trained round a little pillar near the steps, and she turned round to greet us.

"You have had a long distance to come, Mr. Stanton. I trust we can make your stay with us agreeable."

Mrs. Brady spoke without a trace of the brogue. The dinner passed off pleasantly enough, and I found I could get on very well indeed with Mrs. Brady. During the course of the repast, Mr. O'Brien intimated that a boy was to bring him letters from the office in the evening, and my rod too; the editor continued—"I thought you wouldn't mind making a few casts in the garden; this half-spottedly to Mrs. Brady."

"Not at all," answered our hostess graciously; "and I trust you will be fortunate."

In due course the boy came, with a rod and landing-net, and Mr. O'Brien disappeared.

"I wanted to have a chat with you, Mr. Stanton," said Mrs. Brady.

We walked together into the garden, and I learned all about the politics and supporters of the *Eagle*. I ventured to ask why Mr. O'Brien was to be deposed.

"I think I may tell you, Mr. Stanton,

although the volume is rather of a private nature, I didn't want him to make love to my daughter."

"Your daughter?"

"Yes. She is at present on a visit to a relative of hers in Dublin. In fact, it was at her request I am obliged to remove our editor, with whom, in a business way, I have no particular fault to find. He was constantly addressing verses to Kate in his 'Poet's Corner.' When he became acquainted with my reasons, he took matters very quietly, and so good-naturedly, that we remain, as you perceive, on the friendliest terms."

"Then he does not depend for his income altogether on the *Eagle*?"

"No; he has a small farm a few miles from here, and I think is rather glad than otherwise at being released from a fixed occupation. But, Mr. Stanton, there is something I want to say to you, if I may."

"Certainly."

"Well, to tell the truth, I dread in your case a similar difficulty."

I confessed I felt considerably vexed. What business had the old woman to suppose that I was going to fall in love with her daughter?

"Most likely an Irish country girl, with a milkmaid complexion and a few boarding-school graces."

"I can assure you, Mrs. Brady, that there is no danger of anything of the kind occurring; I am not a marrying man."

"I only wished to have your word on the subject; it would render our intercourse here less constrained, and I expect Kate home in three weeks."

The conversation then turned off from this topic; but I could not prevent myself from feeling very angry, and registering a silent vow that I would show both Mrs. Brady and her daughter that I had no desire for the honor of an alliance with the family.

CHAPTER III.

Nothing could equal Mr. O'Brien's courtesy and attention to me when I got the *Eagle* into hand. Our politics were rather paradoxical than European, but there were occasions in which we considered it essential to warn France or threaten France, or refer to our difficulties with Central Europe. Our parliamentary representative, who had promised to develop the mining resources of Castletown, had to be looked after; so had Mr. Dierail, and a town commissioner, who was a tailor in private life, and who addressed letters to me signed as "Ouvrier."

By the time I understood my business I was thoroughly disgusted with it, and yet it certainly amused me. I shall never forget a scene at a public dinner in the town-hall the first week of my arrival. The banquet was given in connection with an agricultural society, which had been started by a new English proprietor. Mr. O'Brien sat next to me during the banquet, which was of the most substantial description. He seemed most anxious that the dignity of the press should be duly asserted, although his mode of expressing his sentiments on the matter did not appear to me to be of the most impressive kind. For instance—as it happened more than once—if we required anything, Mr. O'Brien announced his wants in this fashion: "Walter, a fork for the press! Potatoes for the press, waiter! Waiter, salt for the press!" and so on.

There was a stout farmer opposite to me, whose performances on the beef and mutton were simply wonderful. This gentleman appeared, however, infinitely perplexed and disturbed by the tunes of a German band, which was hired to play in the progress of the festival. If he had an ear for music I don't wonder at it, for I seldom heard anything more villainous; but I think his dislike arose from a less fanciful cause. He was at the eighth repetition of a waltz, driven beyond endurance, and roared out "Stop!" in so commanding a tone, that every one looked round. There was a dead silence for a moment, and the hideous orchestra was struck dumb; a shout of laughter from the company, however, sent it on again in full swing. Some ladies came in to look at us and hear the speeches; when I took a note of their dowdiness, I was more than ever tickled at the idea of being warned against the fascinations of a Castletown belle.

It was a fortnight after this (the winter was fast coming on and the river was loaded with brown leaves) that I spent an evening with Mrs. Brady; and, on the arrival of the post, she told me her daughter was returning the next day. "I have a bad cold, and perhaps you would meet Kate at the post-office for me," she said. Of course I assented, and accordingly found myself in due time waiting outside the inn at which the rain-splashed "Lightning" was expected. I was a little early, and spent the spare minutes smoking and speculating with some interest on the kind of girl she might be with whom I was not to fall in love on any account. In a quarter of an hour I heard the old-fashioned guard's horn, and a minute afterwards I was opening the door for a young lady whose face and head were so enveloped in a warm cloak that I could not distinguish her features. I simply introduced myself by saying, "Miss Brady!" and, receiving a nod in reply, I handed my charge out, and then got her boxes off the roof. When this was done I turned round, and saw standing next to me my fair companion of the Holyhead steamer. She was laughing heartily, and putting out her hand to me.

"I beg the 'old woman' and you are getting on well, Mr. Stanton. You see I have waited all this while to surprise you."

I scarce knew what to say. The explanation of the mystery was simple enough. Instead of pointing to one of her own boxes to direct me to an address, she had shown me a trunk which did not belong to her at all.

"And then you know, when you told me what you were going to do, I knew all about it, and wanted to have some fun with you when I came home."

Upon reaching the house, I was still confused, and felt an odd feeling of regret and pleasure. Mrs. Brady kissed her daughter affectionately, and I took my leave. I passed over the little bridge leading into the town on the way to my lodgings. Without being much of a poet or a mooner, I have a constant hankering after scenery. I could not help lingering on the bridge of planks to look at the shining stream passing off into the dark under a curve of low hills, and I began to regret my promise to Mrs. Brady.

CHAPTER IV.

I hang up at the commencement of this chapter an announcement similar to the proclamations made touching the unities of melo-drama as to the flight of time. It was now November. Mrs. Brady was good enough to express the greatest satisfaction with my management of her *Eagle*; and, in truth,

that bird was nesting high in the estimation of the subscribers, who had begun to increase in numbers. I had gone into what-over society there was in the place, but had dropped it on the shortest trial. I still kept Mr. O'Brien with me. I did so, because, as I did not seriously contemplate living for any length of time in Castletown, it would be as well that Mr. O'Brien should be prepared to take up the running, as, so far as I could see, time had removed the objection which Mrs. Brady had to him. I was heartily fond of snipe-shooting, and, with O'Brien's aid and companionship, I managed to pass—

There is no use in beating about the bush in this manner; I fell ignominiously over head and ears in love with Kate Brady. I have a suspicion that O'Brien knew my secret, and felt a grim satisfaction at my sufferings. I think he was waiting with a prophetic grin for the time when I should break out in the "Poet's Corner" of the *Eagle*. But I remembered my resolution and pledge, and the rather insidious way in which it was drawn from me. Meanwhile Kate and I became the best of friends. I was accustomed, when the paper was out, to spend the next day in the woods, and in the evening went to Mrs. Brady, who always expressed herself happy to see me. Kate played charmingly, and I introduced her to my favorite Chopin. It was pleasant in the twilight to listen to the weird and intricate strains of notes lit with threads of gold. I sat so far away from the piano as I could; at least I generally did, except once, and then I couldn't help it. I remember it was during that delicious "Invitation" waltz. I sat in a chair by my darling's side, and, as she bowed her head over the notes, my face was very close to hers. There was only one thought in my mind, and we both knew it. We gazed fearfully and long, until with an impulse I could no more help than I could help breathing, I touched her lips with mine. It was only for one instant. On went the ripple of the waltz as though nothing had happened; on it went, but the notes were freighted now, not with the mere fancies of the artist, but with the burden of our own hopes for the future. When the waltz was over, Kate rose from the room. I did not see her again that evening, and I had to wake Mrs. Brady to wish her good-night.

CHAPTER V.

Next morning I called on Mrs. Brady. I was resolved, at least, to tell an straightforward story as I could, and if she determined to keep me to my word, why, at the worst I should have to do so. She looked very grave when I met her. She heard me out with a cold politeness, and then asked me how soon I could complete my arrangements for leaving Castletown. There was a hard, cold, inexorable tone in her voice, and a contempt in it that stung me to the quick. I was ready to leave at once, but—

"You have broken your promise, Mr. Stanton; I permitted your visits here, trusting to it. The sooner we part the better. I think I can manage to reconcile my daughter to the loss she will sustain by your departure."

"Can I see her before I leave?"

"Certainly not." And the old lady opened the library door with a gesture that, taken with her white set face, was not encouraging to me.

I went down to the office of the *Eagle*, and without hesitation related the circumstances to Mr. O'Brien.

"Beaded, it's an ugly business," said that gentleman. "Does Kate like you?"

"She does," I answered, and was almost sorry for speaking so abruptly, the good fellow's face showed so much genuine sadness.

"Well, she's a sweet girl," he remarked after a pause. "Look here! when are you to leave?"

"To-morrow, if you will resume your old post."

"I'll do anything for you, my boy," said this thoroughly loyal-hearted Irishman, "anything for you—and Miss Kate," he added with a slight effort; "but I see nothing for it, except for you to run away with her."

"That won't do. I have deceived her mother already; I'll not take her daughter from her in a sneaking fashion now."

"Then let me think over it. I can always consider best with the gun under my arm; and I'm going out for a crack at the plovers now. In the evening I'll tell you my plans."

I spent the day packing up; and when that task was over, I walked through the little room, and down to my favorite lounge on the bridge, from which I could catch a glimpse of Mrs. Brady's house. How sick and miserable I felt!

I returned, and wrote a letter to Kate. I did not know whether it would be delivered to her or not; but it was a relief to me to write it. Just as Mr. O'Brien made his appearance with a well-filled bag, I had in reply a short note from Kate. She was as miserable as I was. I would not forget her, would I? And she would so like to see me more, if possible, before I went. If Mr. O'Brien spoke to mamma something might be done. I handed the note to O'Brien. He read it without a word.

"It is rather cruel of Miss Kate to make me an ambassador in this cause," he said; "but I'll stand to you."

And off he started for Mrs. Brady's house at once.

I walked down to the bridge again. It was the time of the November sunset; but I was in no mood to sentimentalize over landscape. I watched the river with a half-vacant, half-stupid stare. I suddenly felt some one next to me. It was Kate.

"I would see you—before you—before you—you—"

"Dearest, I will write to you constantly, and I hope to have a home to offer you shortly. If your mother persists—"

"Why did you make such a silly promise to her?"

This was said with an air of melancholy coquettishness.

"Because I didn't know who you were."

We almost forgot for a while that we were to part. I walked with her to the gate of the house. Kate turned pale when we came in view of the modest mansion; and I was trembling all over. We halted on the steps of the entrance-porch. We could not, I believe, save our lives have spoken a word at the moment. Both Kate's hands were in mine; and they seemed to cling and to linger there, as if they would never leave their resting place.

"Mrs. Brady's compliments, and will ye both come in?" called aloud Mr. O'Brien from the garden.

The sentence was like the reading of a reprieve to a condemned criminal. We understood at once that Mr. O'Brien had been successful in his mission; and Kate turned round and gave him a hearty kiss.

"I pitched into your mother, Miss Kate," said the noble creature. "I told her 'Alge' might go to the devil if she meddled with me." And so we went in to tea; and Miss Brady saluted me on the cheek, and officially ratified the negotiation that had been so fortunately conducted by Mr. O'Brien.

Reader, this is a very plain and a simple story, and I have little more to add to it. In a month Kate and I once more travelled together in a steamer, and took up our residence in town, where the *Eagle* still flourishes under the able editorship of our friend. I have never, as you may expect, severed my short connection with that illustrious journal; and I take a peculiar interest in still reading it; for Mr. O'Brien would it to be regularly. Mrs. Brady has been entirely reconciled to me for my breach of promise, and occasionally condescends to visit us, without remaining longer than a well-regulated mother-in-law should.

The Banishes.

A STORY OF MODERN IRELAND.

On the west coast of Ireland, a large island, called Inismore, stands lofty from the water; a real sea-girl mountain range; wild lakes meeting in its hollows, and brown rocks of heathery hill, cutting in sharp cliffs, dropping nearly a thousand feet perpendicularly. At the foot of the cliffs the deep, deep water is always heaving and sinking to the Atlantic swell. On the south-eastern side the sea is calmer, and the shore shelves gently to the pier, from which the boats make their constant passage to the mainland, three miles distant.

The only house of any pretension on the island was rented, one year prior to the date of my story, by a Scotch family, consisting of two brothers and a sister, named Ferguson. They kept "the house"—a name of heterogeneous articles: antiques and old dresses; (judging to give the house an air of antiquity, as much as the tall, bearded person of her lover, that round the phlegmatic nature of Jean into complexion, but accept him she did, and met her brother's bitter words with the same indifference with which she had formerly listened to Mr. Kay's courtship.

"Ye'll be wanting me to stay with ye," she said; "but the emigrant is as good as main folk, and wina flyte me as ye've bin doing. Ye think ye'll no spare me frae measuring the flour, and giving the oen their bit at night; and mabe, Robert, ye've no got me forty pound of siller to give as my ain share to me waddin' dowry! Hech, wad I bedy must o'ed maddy some time; so ye may as well pay it now, as ony ither day."

And so Mr. Kay and Jean married the day; the ring was brought, and the blessing pronounced.

It was a lovely summer morning as the wedding party left the island—Jean Ferguson, Jean, and their friends in two of the boats, while the sergeant and his men occupied the third. The little church on the mainland was crowded, for weddings are rare in the scantily-peopled districts of West Ireland, and all "the town" came to see Jean Ferguson married to the tall Scotch policeman. The elder brother was absent. He could not, or he would not, come; but if his dark face was missed, it was certainly not wanted, for all felt his absence a relief.

It is the custom in Western Ireland to fire a kind of *feu-de-joie* on such occasions out of every available musket and pistol; and a perfect fusillade welcomed the bride party, as the boats touched the pier on the return to the island. It was but a few steps to the house, and Duncan McKay drew his wife's arm through his, wishing with all his heart that the clamor was over, and he and his Jeanie away in the cottage he had been so eagerly preparing. Something of this he said, as he stooped to look in her face just as they entered the gate. An instant more, and a nearer report than any yet fired rang through the air. A woman's sharp cry, a deep groan from Duncan, and forward on the very threshold the bridegroom fell.

Jeanie and those around her stood still in horror for one instant; the next, Robert Ferguson ran down the stairs, his face white, even to the very lips. "It was an accident—an accident; only an accident!" he thickly articulated.

They lifted him up, and carried him into a little chamber above, stumbling over the gun—Robert's gun—which had so suddenly dealt the fatal wound. They sent for the doctor and the clergyman, but it was useless; no more mortal could help him now. The heavy duck-shot had pierced his temple. A few hours of unconsciousness, and all was over. The following week the same boat that had borne him to his marriage held the long black coffin; and in the aisle of the church they laid it down, on the very spot his feet had trodden so firmly beside his bride.

Robert Ferguson, of course, was in custody. He was tried for murder; but he declared he did not know the gun contained anything but powder. He had gone, he said, to his bed-room for his gun, hearing the shots which announced their return. He had thrown up the window, and pointed the gun straight through it. His finger was on the trigger, when the insecure fastening which sustained the window-pane gave way, and it fell down, depressing the barrels so that the shot struck the bridegroom as he stood exactly beneath. Such was his tale. It might be the truth; there was no proof to the contrary. At any rate, Robert Ferguson was found guilty of manslaughter, but acquitted of the graver charge. The "slate house" on the island was shut up, the goods in the shop were sold, and the brothers, together with the bride-widow, left the country forever.

The following spring carpenters and masons were busy about the place. The counters were removed, partitions pulled down, glass doors put in, and a dining-room built. A carriage-wreck was planned, rustic bridges thrown over the mountain torrent in the adjoining glen, shrubs and trees were planted, and terraces were tured. The owner of Inismore had determined to make a kind of shooting and bathing box there. Accordingly, by the summer it was filled by a riotous party of children, and older ones quite as merry, if a little more quiet.

The sad tragedy was outwardly forgotten;

are considered very strong and good
wood on dark marine grounds.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Push on the boat."

A very good story is told of our German friend, Adam Bepier, who keeps a tavern in Albany. One rather gloomy evening recently, when Adam was in rather a gloomy humor (he is seldom so), a stranger presented himself about bedtime, and asked to stay all night.

"Certainly," said Adam, eyeing the rather sooty-looking stranger. "If you take breakfast, it will be your one dollar."

"But I have no money," said the man. "I am dead broke, but if you will trust me—"

"Ah!" said Mr. Bepier. "I don't like that kind of customer. I could fill nine houses every night with that kind, but I don't want to run my house."

"Well," said the stranger, after a pause, "have you got any rats here?"

"Yes," replied Adam. "You'd better believe we have. Way, the place is lousy with dem."

"Well," rejoined the man, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you let me have lodging and breakfast, I'll kill all the rats to-morrow."

"Done," said Bepier, who had long been desperately annoyed by the number of old Norway rats that infested his premises.

So the stranger, a gaunt, sallow, melancholy-looking man, was shown to bed, and no doubt had a good sleep. After breakfast next morning, Mr. Bepier took occasion in a very gentle manner to remind his guest of the contract of the previous night.

"What! Kill your rats! Certainly," said the sooty-looking stranger. "Where are they the thickest?"

"They are pretty thick in the barnyard," answered Adam.

"Well, let's go out there," said the stranger. "But stop! Have you got a piece of soap-iron?"

A piece about fifteen feet long was brought from one end to the other. Expressing himself entirely satisfied, at length, with its length and strength, he proceeded to see in what manner the great rat-killer was going to work. Arriving there, the stranger looked around a little, then placed his back firmly against the barn-door, and raised his weapon.

"Now," said he to Adam, "I am ready. Fetch on your rats!"

How this scene terminated we are not precisely informed. It is said that, although no rats answered the appeal of the stranger, Mr. Bepier began to smell one pretty strong.

At this juncture, and because very angry. One thing is certain, and that is that the new boarder was not at Adam's table for dinner, nor for any subsequent meal. He had suddenly resolved to depart, probably to pursue his avocation of rat-killing in other quarters.

Having a Perfect Understanding.

An English lady, residing at Coblenz, one day wishing to order of her German servant (who did not understand English) a boiled fowl for dinner, Gretzel was summoned, and the experiment began. It was one of the lady's fancies, that the less her words resembled her native tongue, the more they must be like German. So her first attempt was to tell the maid that she wanted a chicken or something. The maid opened her eyes and mouth, and shook her head.

"It's to cook," said the mistress, "to cook, to put in an iron thing, in a pit, pat, pot."

"Iah understand right," said the maid, in her Coblenz patois.

"It's a ting to eat," said her mistress, "for dinner, dinner, with sauce, sauce, sauce. What on earth am I to do?" exclaimed the lady, in despair—but still made another attempt; "It's a little creature—a bird—a bird—a beast—a hen—a hen—a fowl—a fowl—it's all covered with feathers—feathers—feathers!"

"Ja, ha!" cried the delighted German, at last getting hold of a catchword, "ja! ja! feathers—ja wohl!" and away went Gretzel, and in half-an-hour returned, triumphantly, with a bundle of stationer's quills.

"Artemus Ward" as a Lucid Conversationalist.

In the "Genial Showman," the last biography of "Artemus Ward," is given a serious conversation, in which "Artemus" puzzled a female teacher in a steamboat cabin. We quote:

"Pardon me, madam, but do you think that glorious sunlight in Greece is constitutional—that is to say, if early be the dream of youth—whenver they are so—and you know, I presume, that George Washington, when young, never told a lie—that is Greece—in the blue skies, I mean. You understand me of course?"

"Do I understand you to say that George Washington went to Greece in his early youth?" she asked. "I scarcely think that I perfectly understand you."

"I was about to remark," said he, "that so far as Greece was concerned he was more so."

"More so of what?" replied the lady, still more perplexed.

"More so with regard to it viewed morally. Because the Argos is a sea—a blue sea, which might, if not under those circumstances—very truthfully thought; but before breakfast—always before morning meal. You agree with me, I hope?" And Artemus smiled, and bowed politely.

ANECDOTE OF THE ROAD.—A lawyer riding through a town, stopped at a cottage to inquire his way. The lady of the house told him he must keep right straight on for some time, and then turn to the right; but said that she herself was going to pass the road he must take, and that if he would wait a few minutes she would show him the way.

"Well," said he, "bad company is better than none—make haste." After jogging for five or six miles, the gentleman asked if he had not come to the road he must take.

"Oh, yes," said she. "We passed it two or three miles back—but I thought that bad company was better than none, so I kept you along with me."

CURE FOR THE BLUES.—A bachelor in New York city had the blues, and applied to a doctor for some medicine. The doctor inquired into his case, and wrote a prescription in Latin, which the bachelor took to a drug store. Translated, the prescription read, "Seventeen yards of silk, with a woman in it." Having paid for his prescription, the fellow thought he must obey, and proposed to a lady that evening, and was married in two weeks.



PROFITABLE CONUNDRUM.

YOUNG HOPEFUL (to papa, who is sending off his Beloved Belongings to the sea-side.) "Look here, 'pa." (Holding up a five-cent piece.)

PATERFAMILIAS.—"What now?"

YOUNG HOPEFUL.—"What cobbler's implement does this represent, 'pa?"

PATERFAMILIAS (impatiently).—"Asking riddles now?" (Perceiving, and forking out.) "Oh, that's your old, is it? There! Now will you please to be off!"

NOT COMPLIMENTARY.—A wagging journalist who is often merry over his personal plainness, tells this story of himself: I went to a chemist the other day for some morphine for a sick friend. The assistant objected to giving it to me without a prescription, evidently fearing that I intended to commit suicide. "Pshaw!" said I, "do I look like a man that would kill himself?" Gazing steadily at me a moment, he replied, "I don't know. It seems to me if I looked like you, I should be greatly tempted to get rid of myself."

LAST WORDS.

Fold me in thine arms, my dearest;

Fold me closely to thy breast;

Let thy heart to mine be nearest

When I take my last earth's rest.

Let thy kisses linger longest,

And thy hand clasp closest mine;

Remembering that my dearest, strongest

Heart's love, dear, was ever thine.

Let me die, mine eyes bestowing

Their last ling'ring gaze on thee;

So I leave thee, dearest, knowing

Our love will reach eternity.

The Honey-Moon.

Few will admit that they need any advice in the honey-moon; fewer still will take it. Most young persons think, "Well, it is hard if we may not be left to ourselves at such a season!" And yet, perhaps, if we took the experience of the many on this subject, they would admit that the honey-moon has been the time of all others when they have been least able to help themselves.

Is it too much to say that during those two months the happiness or the misery of two young lives is very nearly settled? Well, perhaps that is too much to say, for errors and misconceptions may be lived down, and habits may be formed or broken after the honey-moon, in the course of years. But still much is often decided, we will not say in the first few months, but even in the first few days. Little things are decided in little ways, and neither understands that "it is the little rift within the lute's lute" that has begun to show even on the first day.

Patience, patience on both sides are needed—but especially on the man's side, for he is the stronger vessel, and knows life. At the bottom of her heart his young wife wants to please him; but she cannot bear him out of her sight—he must account for every moment. His ways are incomprehensible. Why does he want to go out for ten minutes after dinner for a stroll? Why does he prefer spending an hour or two downstairs with an old friend at night to going up into the drawing-room? Why does he want to see the papers at the club, instead of going out after a hard day in the city for a little afternoon shopping? Man is a mystery to many a young girl for the first few months after marriage. She has not learned that man's interests are and must be various. How should she suppose that a husband had any other desires than to make money and dance attendance upon his wife? She has never cared for anything but her own house. She cannot understand that dress, and even matrimony, are only episodes in man's life, although they compose the sum total of many a woman's.

We hear a good deal about incompatibility of temper—we believe very little in it. The sexes are almost indefinitely plastic. People quarrel more from errors of judgment than from any other cause. You can live with anybody if you understand him, and you can manage anybody if you know him, providing you mean well, have a decent heart, and are willing to be patient and to make some sacrifices for love.

Newly married women are, no doubt, very trying sometimes to their husbands; but it is the fault more of their social training and the want of education than anything else. Men should remember how much a girl has to learn, and how much she must learn to learn, when they first begin the married life. We venture to say that if all newly married couples were to make a contract not to quarrel for six months, they would seldom have any serious quarrels in after-life.

You can get into the habit of living peacefully and happily, and that habit is quite as difficult to break as any habit we know of. Let there be no long poisonings; let there be no long, careless, indifferent fits. When a girl sulks, *nothing* oblige, throw that nasty cigar away! Now, Sir, go up and kiss her; if she still sulks, kiss her again—she won't be able to hold out long against that mode of attack, and five minutes after she will let you have your smoke, or go down to the club, or anything else.

If little storms arise—and they will arise

—let them be brief. Don't let us sleep over it, and wake up the next morning and cudgel our brains to remember who nagged last. This kind of thing is mean, it is ungenerous, and it is silly. But if there is a difference, let Annabel and Ralph both speak their minds; and let Annabel have a good cry, if that is her method of winding up, and then a good hug; and let Ralph see that he is all made up before dinner, or before bedtime, or we cannot be responsible for the consequences.

TALKING TOO LITTLE.

BY MRS. JULIA C. H. DORR.

Solomon said some rather bitter things about the tongue, and in one sense it is doubtless true that there is by far too much talking in the world. But in another there is not half enough. It depends upon what meaning your own private dictionary attaches to the word. Many a man never talks with his wife or his child. Many a woman is dumb as far as her husband and sons are concerned. I wonder if it occurs to you at this moment, my dear Mr. Sternlight, that you never talked with Mrs. R.—in your life?

—You have talked to her, perhaps. You have told her when she did not please you; you have found fault with the bread and the butter and the coffee; your words have been ready enough when the bills came in; and when you happened to feel in good humor you have, it is quite probable, given her an item of news now and then, or told her how much you hoped to get for the roan colt. But you have never given her an hour of good, fresh, breezy talk, such as would arouse and stimulate her, since she became your wife more than twenty years ago. You know nothing of her thoughts; she knows nothing of yours. You are as utterly strangers as if she dwelt upon one continent and you upon another.

It is just as much her fault as yours, you say? Perhaps it is. But you did not begin right. You never treated your wife as your equal intellectually. You never made her your friend; you never went to her with your thoughts, your hopes, your plans, your ambitions. You petted her even to excess when you were first married, surfeiting both yourself and her with condescension. Then when the sweets cloyed, as they inevitably will if taken unmixed, you slowly drew away from her. You went your way and she went hers. You have never talked as friend to friend, untrusting heart and soul in the unreserved communion of congenial spirits—a communion that is the dearest joy that earth can give.

There is a great mistake somewhere. Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters are too silent towards each other. They do not take sufficient pains to become acquainted. It is by no means follows that because people dwell under the same roof and sit in the same pew at church, they know each other. Often they are the warmest strangers. In their daily intercourse they never get below the surface. Their conversation with each other is of the mere trifles of the outward life. They see the husks, but have no conception of the kernel within that God has made so rich and sweet.

Persistence.

Many years ago we enjoyed a hearing of the great tragedian, Macready, in Rochester, and can never forget the powerful impression then made on our youthful mind by the response of the Cardinal to the suggestion of Francois: "But if I fail?"

We never hear this word without recurring to the reply: "Fail!"

In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves to a brighter manhood, there is no such word as *Fail*.

The query of Francois: "But if I fail?" is the key to most of the disappointments we daily see attending the efforts of men. It is the evil soil of timidity or indecision. To resolve to do half things, to hesitate to do the whole, to be in every transaction in life, irresolute and undecided, is to set oneself up for failure.

There is much in our present surroundings to discourage our young men, but in aiding to develop the magnificent resources of this great country, a *kind* of labor presents itself worthy of their noblest efforts.

We then say, settle on some definite purpose, cast aside all fear, all doubt, and perseveringly keep right on until the end is obtained.—*Old Dominion.*

Near Darfield Point, Arkansas, excavations have been recently made into an Indian mound about twenty-five feet high, and about as acre in area at the top. The result has been the discovery of human skeletons eight and ten feet in height. Surely there were giants in those days—long gone by.

AGRICULTURAL.

On Breeding from Sound and Healthy Animals.

Recently I have noticed several articles relating to the raising of sound and unsound horses. If there is one thing more than any other that farmers should be better informed about, it is this very subject. Soundness, it appears to me, should be the quality first and most thought of, when we attempt to raise a horse, but is it not the last thing thought of by nine-tenths of those who raise colts and horses? Look about and see what a mass of unsound horses you will find. I have recently conversed with a goodly number of blacksmiths who shoe many horses, and I believe that not more than one horse in ten that they shoe is completely sound. Now what is the cause of all this unsoundness? It is mostly constitutional, transmitted like any other quality. It is well known to every careful observer that ringbone in all its various forms, most all diseases of the feet, including founder, bone-sparin, heaves, thick wind and many other diseases that might be named, are hereditary. Many persons do not consider that a bad quality is as sure to be transmitted as a good one. It is also true that a stallion will transmit the qualities of his dam quite as often as he will the qualities of his sire. A stallion may look to be sound and smooth, but if he was from a mare possessing any of the diseases above mentioned, it will surely break out in his offspring. What a risk then is it to breed from horses about whose pedigree nothing whatever is known! How many, when about to raise a colt, ever inform themselves about the pedigree of the parents of their future horse, whether it be sound or unsound, provided the service of some unsound stallion can be had for a few dollars, or a colt can be raised from a mare that is worthless for business. Is that the way we do when we plant and sow our fields? Do we use seed of such inferior quality, and so full of weeds that it is nearly worthless for anything else, or is it better economy to use the best and soundest?—*W. B. F., in Maine Farmer.*

Preservation of Sweet-Potatoes.

It is very desirable to have the sweet-potato crop mature as early in the fall as possible, as they are better and more apt to keep well. To fit them for preservation they must be lifted before the weather indicates a degree of cold sufficient to freeze the ground, or in this latitude, before the 15th of October. Those intended for winter storage should be gathered before any frost will the vines, or about the last of September or first of October, put up in barrels or shallow boxes, and placed in a dry, warm situation. When placed in barrels in the open field, and carefully handled, they will be more readily preserved during winter, other circumstances being favorable—slight bruising from rough carriage proving injurious to them if designed for winter use. When large quantities are reserved for spring sales, houses are erected expressly for their protection. These are generally two stories high, built of wood, and so arranged that the potatoes may be stored therein in boxes about two feet deep, placed in tiers, with space of a few inches between for ventilation, and extending from side to side of the house to within a foot of the weather-boarding. The boxes are framed together at the ends with keys, to be taken apart when not in use. The source of heat is a fire in the cellar, from which the warmth is caused to circulate equally and freely throughout the building. Thus arranged and carefully tended, maintaining a nearly uniform moderate heat, sweet-potatoes may be preserved until late in the following spring. No chaff, shavings or other material is used; careful packing and handling and uniform moderate heat or kept in an even temperature and not too low—say from 55 to 65 degrees—being the only requisites for the attainment of perfect success in the preservation, for the entire season, of this admirable root.—*Market Gardener in German Town Telegraph.*

Influence of Climate on Wool Growth.

The climate exerts a great influence on the growth of wool, and if it be to be produced of good and even quality, this agency must be considered. It has been already mentioned that the pores of the skin act as a sort of gauge for the wool, and it is therefore perfectly clear that if sheep are so much exposed to cold and wet to allow the skin to become chilled, the size of the wool must be reduced thereby; the extent of the damage is, consequently, regulated by the intensity of the cold. For this reason, shelter from the full force of the cold winds is found to improve the staple of the wool, and prevent, in some degree, this inequality in the size of the fiber. Injury arising from the wet shows itself more generally by giving the wool more the character of hair, and thereby injuring its felting properties. The excessive heat of summer has just the opposite influence. The warmth of the skin being considerably increased, the pores become more open, and a coarser wool is produced. The injury thus occasioned is far from being as important as that arising from cold and wet; but still, if we desire to produce wool under the most favorable circumstances, we must give shelter from extreme heat as well as from excessive cold.—*Mark Lane Express.*

Gentle Utterance.

When a boy of fourteen, following a plough, drawn by oxen, our father said the first day of work, "Let us see who can talk the lowest to Buck and Bright; it isn't the sound that makes the team go, but the understanding that springs up between driver and team." The thing was new to our ears. We had always heard the "Woe haw, Buck," or the "Woe haw, Bright," given in tones of bawling only, and had grown to the belief that bawling was the only way of driving. But a little experience in the low keys showed that an ox, as dumb and slow as some call him, had not only a show of intellect, but also of the properties of his position. Buck and Bright answer as well to a few words quietly spoken as to the many vociferous.

TO CURE A BAULKY HORSE.—A Maine man gives his method of treating baulky horses, as follows: "Let me inform the human man and hostlers, and all those who hold the reins, that the way to cure baulky horses is to take them from the carriage and to whid them round rapidly till they are giddy. It requires two men to accomplish this, one at the horse's tail. Don't let him stop out. Hold him to the smallest possible circle. One does will often cure him; two does so deal with the worst horse that ever refused to stir."—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE RIDDLES.

Enigma.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 27, 34, 4, 33, 22, 17, 8, is the name of a popular novel.

My 7, 12, 33, 23, 2, 9, 14, is a poet.

My 15, 17, 22, 3, 32, 39, 37, 13, is a celebrated novelist.

My 33, 7, 23, 31, 37, is a poet.

My 33, 30, 6, 4, 7, 63, was a famous conqueror.

My 37, 2, 4, 30, 36, 60, was a reformer.

My 12, 13, 33, 19, 33, 7, 37, 54, 33, 22, 37, 9, was a celebrated Florentine painter.

My 1, 7, 37, 57, 61, 43, was a great naval commander.

My 23, 23, 2, 14, 33, was a poet of Scotland.

My 47, 48, 49, 53, 19, 37, 7, 33, was a hero of antiquity.

My 63, 30, 37, 34, 14, was an old Greek law-giver.

My 52, 13, 58, 46, 60, 50, was an ancient orator.

My 33, 30, 7, 24, 22, 37, 13, 57, 53, 33, 14, is one of Scott's novels.

My 58, 59, 37, 22, 1, 32, is a character in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

My 34, 36, 7, 37, 15, 9, 49, 54, is a character in Diderot's "L'athair."

My whole is a fine sentence from Diderot's "Cognigy."

RUDOLPH.

Middle.

I am composed of 5 letters.

Behold me and I am an injury.

Again curtail and I belong to every one.

My 3, 4, signifies to prevent or defeat.

My 4, 5, 6, is an animal.

My 1, 3, 4, is a vehicle.

My 2, 3, 5, is a cured weak.

My whole is a spell.

Baltimore, Md.

EMILY.

Problem.

Find three numbers, such that the sum of the first and second plus 4 times the square root of their product will be 161; the sum of the first and third plus 6 times the square root of their product will be 234; and the sum of the second and third plus 8 times the square root of their product will be 491.

E. F. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

An answer is requested.

Problem.

There is a parallelogram tract of land, whose area is 4800 perches, its longer sides facing North and South. In the northern line stands an oak, and from this oak, across the tract, to the southeastern corner, I measured and found the distance to be 86 perches. I then went back to the oak again and measured down across the tract to the southwestern corner and found this distance 85 perches. It is said that by these two measurements being taken, both length and breadth of said parallelogram can be found.

HILDEBERT KOBEL.

An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

What is the highest pitch of the voice? Ans.—The place where it sticks.

Con. by a Son of a Gun!—Why are the new breech-loaders supplied with needles? Ans.—To keep their breeches in repair, of course.

When is a gate not a gate? Ans.—When it's "to."

What is the difference between a chattering lover and a pedestrian excursion? Ans.—One is a talking wooer, the other a walking tour.

Why are giants like the god of marriage? Ans.—Because they are high men (Hymen).

Why is a foraging party like a warm bath? Ans.—Because the first makes a clean sweep, and the second a sweep clean.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—"To the persevering mortal the blessed Immortals are swift." METAGRAM.—Pine, Mine, Pone, Pike, Pink.

RECIPIES.

SANDWICH CUCUMBERS.—Fry veal-outlets brown in butter or nice drippings; pare the cucumbers, cut them lengthwise in slices a quarter of an inch thick, season with salt and pepper, and fry a deep brown, then lay the fried cucumbers between the outlets, place in a covered dish, and set in the oven for five or ten minutes.

SNOW-FLOAT.—One-third of a package of gelatine, two lemons, half a pint of white sugar, the whites of five eggs. Put the gelatine, rind and juice of the lemons and sugar in a bowl, pour over them a gill of cold water, and in an hour add three gills of boiling water, and stir till dissolved. Strain and add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and stir until it begins to thicken, then set it on ice or in a cool place. Then take the yolks, and with five table-spoonsful sugar and three pinches of milk make a boiled custard; place the float on it just before serving. It is nicer when made the day before it is used.

SOMETHING NICE.—Take the seeds out of green tomatoes and cut the tomatoes in fine strips with scissors, until you have six pounds of them. Add four or five good-sized bell peppers, green, after taking out the seeds and cutting fine. Add, also, two and a half pounds of white sugar and one quart of cider vinegar, a half ounce of cloves, and a small quantity of mace. Cook all about an hour, and you will have sliced tomatoes.—*Ladies' Companion.*

CORN OYSTERS.—Grate twelve ears of new corn off the cob, and add two eggs, a teaspoonful of milk, a little salt, some pepper, and a teaspoonful of flour. Fry as you would oysters.

CURE FOR WARTS.—An exchange says, persons afflicted with these disfigurements on their hands will find the following a perfect cure:—"Take a small piece of raw beef, steep it all night in vinegar, cut as much from it as will cover the wart, and tie it on; or, if the excrescence is on the forehead, fasten it on with strips of sticking plaster. It may be removed in the day and put on every night. In one fortnight the wart will die and peel off. The same prescription will cure corns."

There have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a young lady. "A gentleman," says she, "is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage." "Mind and manners" might have been added with emphasis.